YANK

THE ARMY

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

Front-Line Portrait of a Rifle Company Medic

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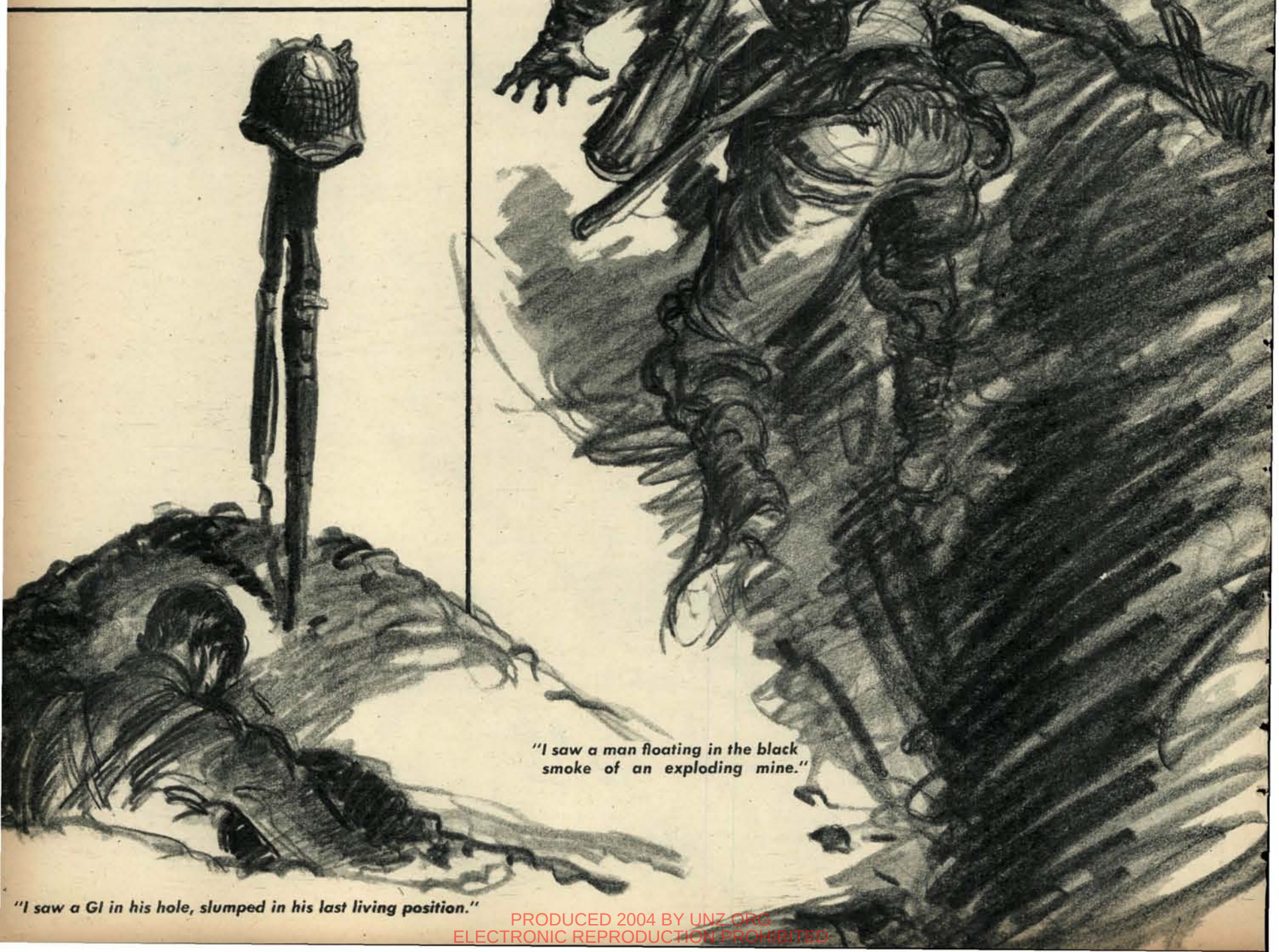
"Pfc. Oliver Poythress dodges a dud."

"A doggie going down as a barrage of 88s bursts around us."



"I saw a man floating in the black smoke of an exploding mine."

"I saw a GI in his hole, slumped in his last living position."

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"Two doughs had their arms around each other; one was sobbing."

Assault Company

Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK artist, sketches his impressions of four hot days in action with riflemen of the 102d Division in Germany.

THE pencil sketches on this week's cover and on these pages are the result of four days of action that Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, went through with K Company of the 406th Infantry in the 102d Division when it jumped off to lead an assault on German positions around the Roer River.

Brodie enclosed with his sketches a vivid report of his four days with the company. He told about moving up from the assembly area and passing "a still doughboy on the side of the road with no hands, his misshapen, ooze-filled mittens a few feet from him." He told about joining a forward platoon the next day and described some of the things he saw: "A dough bailing his hole out with his canteen cup." . . . "Lt. Joe Lane, the platoon leader, playing football with a cabbage." . . . "A dead GI in his hole slumped in his last living position, the hole too deep and too narrow to allow his body to settle. A partially smoked cigarette lay inches from his mouth and a dollar-sized circle of blood on the earth offered the only evidence of violent death."

Brodie went with the platoon when it advanced on the first of its objectives. "Some Germans and a couple of old women ran out onto the field from a house," he wrote. "There was the zoom and crack of 88s. A rabbit raced wildly away to the left. We went down, listening to the shrapnel. I saw a burst land on the running Jerries. One old woman went down on her knees in death in an attitude as though she were picking flowers.

"A dud landed three feet in front of T/Sgt. Jim McCauley, spraying him with dirt. I saw a man floating in the air amidst the black smoke of an exploding mine. A piece of flesh sloshed by Sgt. Fred Wilson's face. Some men didn't get up. We went on. A couple of doughs vomited. A piece of shrapnel cut another one's throat as neatly as Jack the Ripper might have done it."

Then the platoon headed for Objective 2—a large building with a courtyard and a number of farm outhouses and sheds. Sgt. Brodie stopped to watch an 88 explode over the arched entrance and then followed the riflemen into one of the rooms, where the company exec was reorganizing the platoons.

"A dying GI lay in the toolroom," Sgt. Brodie wrote. "His face was a leathery yellow. A wounded GI lay with him. Another wounded dough lay on his belly in the cow shed, in the stench of dung and decaying beets. Another GI quietly said he could take no more. A couple of doughs started frying eggs in the kitchen. I went into the toolroom to the dying dough. 'He's cold, he's dead,' said Sgt. Charles Turpen, the MG squad leader. I took off my glove and felt his head but my hand was so cold he felt warm. The medic came and said he was dead.

"Lt. Bob Clark reorganized his company and set up defenses. The wounded dough in the cow shed sobbed for more morphine. Four of us helped carry him to a bed in another room. He was belly down and pleaded for someone to hold him by the groin as we carried him: 'I can't stand it. Press them up, it'll give me support.' A pool of blood lay under him.

"I crossed the courtyard to the grain shed where about 60 doughs were huddled. Tank fire came in now. I looked up and saw MG tracers rip through the brick walls. A tank shell hit the wall and the roof. A brick landed on the head of the boy next to me. We couldn't see for the cloud of choking dust. Two doughs had their arms around each other; one was sobbing. More MG tracers ripped through the wall and another shell. I squeezed in among several bags of grain. Doughs completely disappeared in a hay pile.

"We got out of there, and our tanks joined us. I followed a tank, stepping in the marks of its treads. The next two objectives were taken by platoons on my right and I don't remember whether any 88s came in for this next quarter mile or not. One dough was too exhausted to make it."

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Assault Company

K COMPANY'S final objective was another large building with another courtyard, but this time in a small town. Brodie's platoon moved toward it behind some tanks which spattered the town with fire. He saw Lt. Lane racing toward a trench full of Germans and saw one of the Jerries pull a cord, setting off a circle of mines around the lieutenant. The lieutenant was only sprayed with mud. S/Sgt. Eugene Flanagan started shooting at the Jerry who pulled the cord. He and a few other Germans jumped up and surrendered.

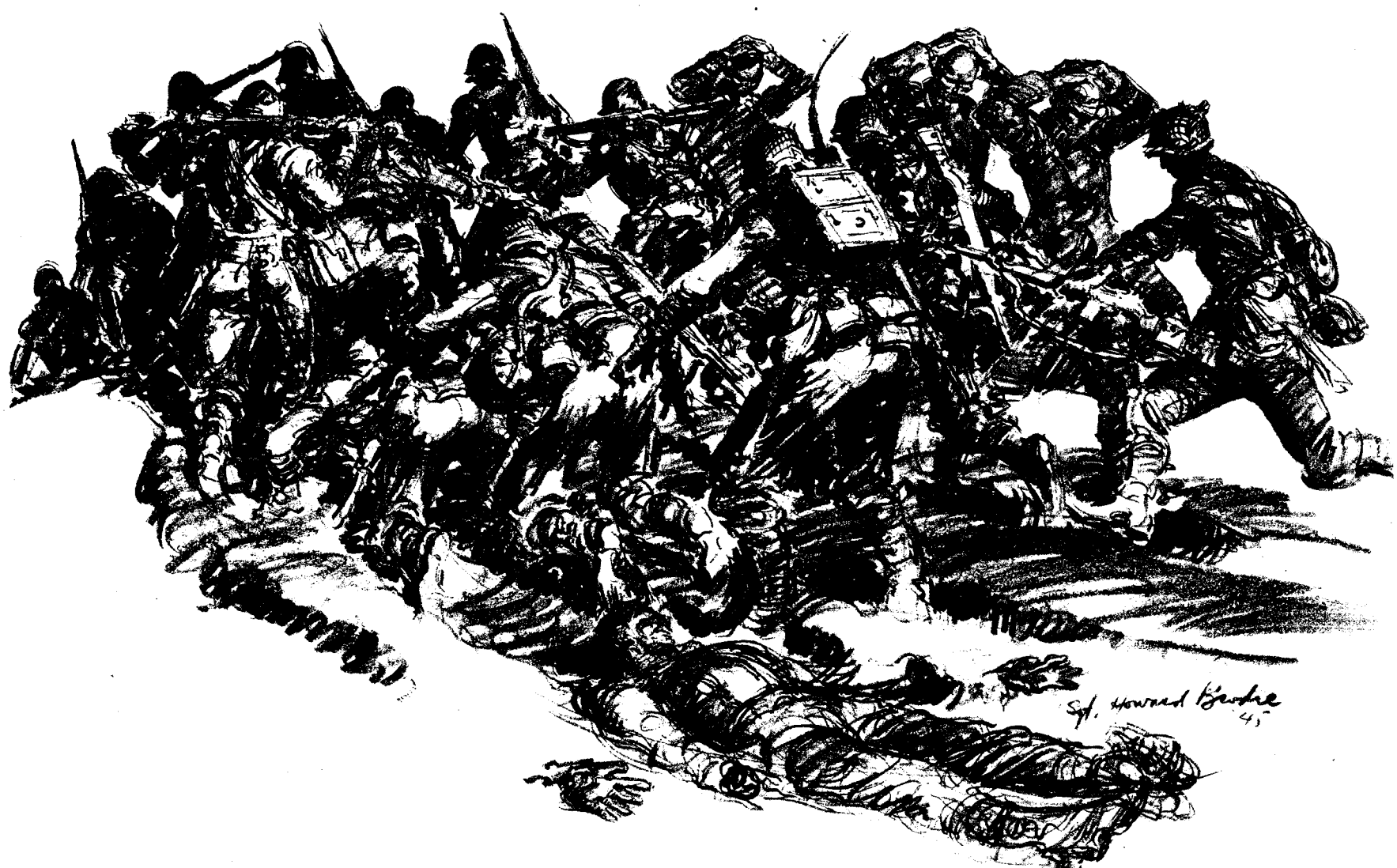
German soldiers and a few women started to come out of the large building. German mortar and 88 fire began to land in the courtyard. Pfc. Ernie Gonzales, Pfc. Bob de Valk and Pfc. Ted Sanchez brought prisoners out of the basement, and the prisoners dragged two wounded men on an old bedspring and a chair. An 88 crashed through the roof and a platoon leader's face began to bleed, but it was only a surface wound.

"We made a CP in the cellar," Brodie wrote. "The wounded were brought down there, and the stray Jerries were rounded up and sent to the rear. The jittery doughs relaxed for a moment on the beds in the basement. Pfc. Frank Pasek forgot he had a round in his BAR and frayed our nerves by accidentally letting it go through the ceiling. A pretty Jerry girl with no shoes came through the basement. The CO started to prepare a defense for a counterattack. Platoons went out to dig in. L and M Companies came up to sustain part of our gains.

"Most of us were too tired now to do much. The battalion CO sent word he was relieving us. All of us sweated out going back over the field, although this time we would go back a sheltered way. We were relieved and returned uneventfully to a small town. The doughs went out into the rain on its outskirts and dug in. Early the next morning K Company returned to its former position at the final objective in the big house with the courtyard. As I left, Jerry started counterattacking with four tanks and a company of men."

"Scrounging a roof for a foxhole."

"One dough was hit as he ran."



"We passed a still doughboy on the side of the road with no hands, his misshapen, ooze-filled mittens a few feet from him."

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Rabbi Poliakoff celebrates Purim at Schloss R

Goebbels Lived Here

When GIs entered the home town of the Nazi propaganda minister they found him remembered, but without affection or respect.

By Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 29TH DIVISION AT MUENCHEN-GLADBACH, GERMANY—When you mention the name of Paul Josef Goebbels to the people of Rheydt, they flap their hands at their chins, with the wrists held together, in the universal sign language that means "big mouth." The first prophet of Hitlerism is almost without honor in his home town. His failure to impress his neighbors with his slogans and exhortations has been spectacular. Not because the people of Rheydt opposed Hitler or disliked Nazism or weren't interested in persecuting Jews, but because they knew Joe Goebbels when.

They knew his twisted foot which set him apart from the children with whom he went to school. They knew his meanness and viciousness, his hatred of people and his screaming rages. They remembered how he took his revenge on the church that had educated him.

The town of Rheydt has now become part of Muenchen-Gladbach. The street where Goebbels was born now bears his name. Intersecting it is Horst Wessel Strasse, named for the pimp whom Goebbels immortalized as the first martyr to the Nazi revolution, the youth who was killed in a Berlin street fight and for whom the Nazi anthem is also named.

The Goebbels house still stands, surrounded by the stark tangle of ruin that is all that is left of Muenchen-Gladbach. The house adjoining his was gutted by fire. The houses behind it were destroyed by bombs. Yet his house remains, a plain box of a house with a green door, green window frames and a plain peaked roof. A limp square of white cloth, the token of surrender, hangs on the door.

The Goebbels family doesn't live there anymore. His mother, who clung longest to the old homestead after her son had achieved his success, moved to Berlin several months ago.

The druggist who has lived two doors away since 1913 knew Goebbels. At the first question about Hitler's minister of propaganda, he took a quick look over his shoulder to where his wife and daughter hovered in the hallway. Then he grinned and waggled his fingers. He remembered Goebbels as an unfriendly youth. "He did not say 'Hello' like other people would when he passed on the street," said the druggist. "He seemed to have no friends. He was mean."

A man named Rudolph Beines, whose brother Herbert had gone to college with Goebbels, added other scraps of information. Goebbels was an ambitious man. He was always dissatisfied. He had first studied for the priesthood, then had abandoned this in favor of politics.

In the ruins of a Catholic orphanage, damaged by fire bombs, we found the man who knew Goebbels best. He was tall, with white hair cropped so it stood up stiff in the German style. He had a white beard and a square Teutonic face. When he smiled, he showed strong yellow teeth. He was, he told us, Gustav Mollen, a retired Jesuit professor. Mollen led us to a small room with a table, four chairs and a small cabinet. There were two tiny windows high up in the wall and when he opened the door a cold blast of rain blew in.

"I speak your language perfectly," he said, "but I have not had the opportunity to use it for some time." He smiled. "If you speak slowly, I will have no difficulty in understanding you."

He denied that Goebbels ever contemplated entering the priesthood. Goebbels had studied to be a high-school teacher, but he was always being distracted by studies which had nothing to do with his chosen profession.

"I gave him his religious training and taught him Greek," said the Jesuit.

"Are you proud of your pupil?" I asked.

"No," he replied abruptly. "He is not a man one can be proud of." Mollen said that when Goebbels was unable to continue his education because of lack of funds he gave him money from his own pocket and obtained additional money from Catholic organizations to help him. "When he went to the University of Bonn he was still a good Catholic. He was a member there of one of the most devout Catholic student organizations," Mollen said. "After that he became interested in politics and forgot the Church."

Mollen said he had seen Goebbels on his infrequent visits to his home town, and that once he'd been invited to Berlin by Goebbels and had stayed at his home there. "He was always grateful to me for having helped him financially so he could continue his studies," Mollen said. The Jesuit had carried on some correspondence with Goebbels, "but always only to intercede with him for someone else."

Then my interpreter, Cpl. Joe Finer, now of [illegible] who was born and raised in Dortmund, Germany, interjected a question of his own. He asked in German whether Goebbels had ever shown any particular animosity toward the Jews. "No, he didn't," replied the teacher. "But it was not surprising when you know his character. When he embraced Nazism he embraced all of its program, and anti-Semitism was part of it. Then, too, he had — how shall I say it?—*schadenfreude*." Finer then explained to me that *schadenfreude* means taking gleeful pleasure in the misery of others.

"He was a clever pupil, but his teachers didn't love him," Mollen continued. "He was arrogant and selfish and tremendously ambitious, but one could not help admiring him for his intelligence."

I asked what Goebbels' ambition was and Mollen replied, "He once said to me, 'I will be an emperor!'"

Mollen said that Goebbels first took a stand against Catholicism by accusing priests of all kinds of immorality. After that the Church was forced into the background in Germany.

"I don't think even the Nazis in Berlin respect him much," said Mollen. "He has no character. It would not be impossible for him to turn about and pretend to be a good Catholic again."

WE left the priest at the orphanage gate and drove off through the wrecked streets toward Goebbels' castle, *Schloss Rheydt*, which was presented to him by his home town. It lies in a park in the outskirts of Rheydt, the main buildings surrounded by a wide moat which forms a small lake to the right of the driveway. The entrance is through a 13th Century archway, part of the original structure of the gatehouse built by the Count of Rheydt in 1263. A second arch leads to the main house, which was destroyed in the 17th Century and rebuilt in 1701.

During the German defense of Muenchen-Gladbach, the castle must have been an important headquarters. Troops of the 29th Division which took the castle found a huge radio transmitter in operating condition with its own power plant in the basement. Germans had been forced to flee too quickly to put it out of commission.

The furnishings of the place were intact. The long table in the dining room was decorated with the coat of arms of the Count of Rheydt and with swastikas. The library was furnished with comfortable leather divans and had a huge fireplace. There were atlases and dictionaries on the tables. In the adjoining rooms were cabinets of books—new books, looking like review copies that had never been touched. Besides the usual run of German geopolitics and Nazi philosophies there were some translations, among them "Gone With the Wind," which runs 1,008 pages in German. There were also "The Citadel" by A. J. Cronin and "Sons and Lovers" by D. H. Lawrence.

Downstairs a crowd was assembling in the dining room. The tables were pushed back and chairs were brought in and set in rows. At the end of the room a table was covered with a cloth embroidered with a six-point star. On a wide shelf, under the windows, draped with a huge swastika, was placed a small wooden cabinet.

Then Capt. Manuel M. Poliakoff of Baltimore, Md., the Jewish chaplain of the 29th Division, donned a praying shawl and began his service. He was assisted by Pfc. Armolda Reich of Meadville, Pa., and Cpl. Martin Willen of Baltimore, Md. Together they raised their voices in an ancient Hebrew hymn of jubilation sung at Purim to celebrate the deliverance of the Jews from an earlier Hitler—Hamen of Persia, who long held the Hebrews in captivity in Biblical times.

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BATTLE CHAPLAIN

On the Fifth Army front Chaplain Yoder P. Leith (right) gets a light from Catholic padre Alvin J. Jasinski.

He goes up under fire without arms, listens to the TS gripes of his GIs and writes home to their families when they fall.

By Cpl. GEORGE BARRETT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY—"I was the traditional clergyman before I came into the Army," the chaplain said. "Guess I had the idea that being in the clergy I was favored by the Almighty—privileged, in a way. But my first experience under shellfire was with screaming meemies, and when the Jerries opened up with a barrage against my dugout I remember saying, 'Oh, God, wait a minute. Let's talk this over.'"

Chaplain Yoder P. Leith, padre of the 338th Infantry Regiment, 85th Division, is a slit-trench chaplain who talks GI. He wears the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart and has been with the division as regimental and battalion chaplain almost since its activation, serving in maneuvers in Louisiana and California, in training in Africa and in combat in Italy.

Before the war Chaplain Leith was a Presbyterian minister in the blast-furnace section of Pittsburgh, Pa. He went to Washington and Jefferson College in Pennsylvania, did graduate work at the University of Pittsburgh and completed three years of training for the ministry at Pittsburgh's Western Theological Seminary.

The chaplain is 39 years old. He has a year-old boy—his first—whom he has never seen. He follows Li'l Abner faithfully and thinks Sad Sack's prophylactic "Dream" was hilarious. The padre likes an occasional drink and confesses he's a bad poker player.

"We're no crusaders," he says.

It was in the September push in Italy, when the 338th was advancing slowly against enemy positions, that Chaplain Leith got his Purple Heart. Some of the companies lost two-thirds of their men, and casualties were high in every unit. Moving to a new position below the heights, the chaplain's battalion bypassed a Kraut strongpoint without knowing it. Jerry watched the whole battalion go down into the valley, then let them have it.

Under the heavy fire the battalion split up, and the padre found himself at the end of a column of soldiers trying to get out of the valley. They started out, through a defile, when a medical sergeant at the head of the column asked the chaplain to change places so he could watch for casualties. They switched, and 10 minutes later the sergeant was killed.

"That made a very great impression on me," the chaplain says. "I'm not superstitious. I realized that all of us here, more or less, are in the position of giving our lives for one another, and it might have been me who got it instead of him."

The Jerries pounded the column with shells, and the chaplain got a fragment in his leg. The Germans kept up a steady machine-gun fire, and while Leith was scrambling along a ditch a Kraut bullet pierced his pack and tore a hole through a New Testament he was carrying. "I don't know whether that Bible deflected the bullet," he says, "but I sent it home to my wife to keep."

The duties of all chaplains are pretty clearly defined. In quiet periods up front the one Catholic and two Protestant chaplains who are in the regiment (the Jewish chaplain is assigned to the division) divide the work so that each will be generally responsible for the welfare of a battalion. But in action or during a push the two Protestant chaplains serve with the forward troops while the Catholic padre is stationed at the medical collecting point to aid the wounded and give last rites. The Catholic padre with the 338th, Father Alvin J. Jasinski, Michigan City, Ind., wears the Purple Heart in addition to a Bronze Star for his work at an aid station.

There are many tight squeezes at the front, and Chaplain Leith's assistant, T-5 Warren B. Cramer, 26, of Paola, Kans., ("I knew how to play the organ, so I was made a chaplain's assistant") wears a Combat Infantryman's Badge and carries an M1—or a carbine, if he can get it—when he drives the chaplain, who goes unarmed.

ONE of the hardest duties of the chaplains, Leith says, is writing letters of condolence to the families of soldiers killed or wounded in action. They try to supplement the War Department's terse telegram with a complete story of how a soldier died or was wounded. This involves considerable inquiry. In one push, for example, the chaplains of the regiment and their assistants wrote 900 letters, sometimes as many as six to one family, giving details of battle casualties.

In a recent letter to the wife of a soldier killed in action, Chaplain Leith described in blunt sentences the details of his death. ". . . Those who were with Richard at the time have told me how it happened. On the evening of November 18, 1944, he was helping a group of men from his company in setting up defensive mines to guard against a possible counterattack by the enemy. An enemy machine gun opened up on the group from an unexpected quarter. Bullets hit Richard in the head and chest, killing him instantly. . . ."

Every case is a different and moving case, Leith says, and the chaplains do long research to give the families the information they are anxious to get. One wife asked a chaplain to get five buddies of her dead husband to write to her. He had to reply that all five had been killed.

Other letters Chaplain Leith writes are less sad—like this one: ". . . Received your letter concerning your husband, who has been reported to you as 'missing in action.' . . . I regret to have to tell you that your husband is now under guard, serving a sentence for leaving his organization without permission. . . . I trust that none of us may be too harsh in judging his mistake. . . ."

The chaplains of the Fifth Army often hold religious services under fire. In forward areas they get groups of four or five men together to worship; back in the rear they hold services in buildings and caves directly under shellfire. Last Christmas many of the front-line services were conducted in stables.

A sense of humor is important. Recently Chaplain Leith dropped in on a unit whose men were eating fresh pork. "You see, Padre," a sergeant explained, "this pig was walking through a mine field. We were afraid the pig would step on a mine and hurt somebody. So we shot him." The chaplain joined them in a pork-chop dinner.

Once a Catholic chaplain found a couple of GIs eating fresh chicken. They hadn't eaten fresh meat in 18 days, and when they tried to buy a chicken from a local farmer he refused to sell. So they killed one anyhow and ate it.

TS, incidentally, is something chaplains can often do something about, despite GI opinions to the contrary. Sometimes, of course, they don't try, as when a soldier came to Leith and gleefully said he had a grave physical defect because a hospital reported him as "lacking in moral fiber."

But there's plenty of sense in the crack, "Go see the chaplain." Transfers in combat areas are usually as hard to get as rotation, but Chaplain Leith tells about the rifleman in an Infantry company who was only moderately good in his job because he wanted to get into the Medics where he could continue his training for medicine. "I saw the proper authorities," Leith says. "He got transferred. Today he's doing a whiz of a job."

The chaplain insists that there are no atheists in foxholes. "German 88s," he says, "convert to Christianity."

Much of the work of forward-area chaplains is with the Medics. As one aid-station captain says, the padre sometimes does more good than the medics; "there are times when the chaplain's words give a man just enough to hold onto."

"Funny thing, though," Chaplain Leith says. "The Army asks us to give the sex-morality lectures up here—not before the outfit goes into a rest area, but before it goes into the line."

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Fortress Somersaults

ENGLAND—According to the crew of *Satan's Mate*, a B-17 with the 385th Bomb Group, their plane is the first Fortress in history to do a complete backward somersault.

It happened on the way back from Rheine. The Fort was flying on instruments and had just started a 23-degree climb to get out of the soup. Suddenly it became caught in the slipstream of the Fort ahead. *Satan's Mate* shot up at 90 degrees, flopped over on her back and went into a screaming dive.

The pilot and co-pilot—Lts. James L. Fleisher of Peoria, Ill., and Paul H. Colwing of Wichita Falls, Tex.—were jammed up against the cockpit. The centrifugal force kept the waist gunner, Sgt. Robert R. Cort of Farrar, Iowa, and the radio operator, Sgt. Trevor J. Kevan of Lake Forest, Ill., stuck against the roof.

Finally the pilots managed to pull the Fort out. No one was really hurt, although there were slight injuries from flying K-ration boxes. There was no damage to the plane, either, except that 74 rivets were pulled out of the stabilizer.

—Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Good Time in Italy

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Back in November 1941, Pfc. John Javor of Cleveland, Ohio, bought a $1.25 pocket watch at Fort Bragg, N. C., where he was training to be an artilleryman. The watch has now lost nearly all its nickel plating, but Javor, a member of the 34th Division's 175th Field Artillery Battalion, is still using it on the Italian Front.

"Once it was lost in the mud of the gun pit for several hours," says Javor, "but we found it. The whole crew uses the watch when different members of our howitzer section are on duty for night fire missions. I took radium from the dials on the panel of a German plane and illuminated the face. It's been with me in Ireland, Scotland, Algeria, Tunisia and Italy."

—Cpl. NATHAN S. LEVY
YANK Staff Correspondent

Point of View

A SOUTHWEST PACIFIC BASE—He had red hair and a likable grin that came with his face. We beat our gums casually in the tent, as two GIs from different outfits will.

He said he was 19. Temporarily he was working on the ground, but he was next in line for tail gunner in his crew.

"Sweet planes, those B-24s," he said.

"You're right," I said. "We watch them all go out in the morning. One of the prettiest sights I know around here."

He still had the smile.

"It's a lot prettier," he said, "when they all come back."

—Cpl. WILLIAM E. PENSYL
YANK Field Correspondent

Expediency Rec Hall

WITH THE 6TH ARMORED DIVISION IN GERMANY—Rest areas are where you find them on the Western Front, and the men of the 9th Armored Infantry Battalion found one in Jerry's own yard that paid off in fried chicken and movies.

Two days before the battalion breached a wide gap in the front, assault teams were pulled back to the "rear," 300 yards from the Kraut lines. In an old barn, converted into a theater, movies were shown with frequent interruptions from mortar and small-arms fire. During the two-day rest before their break-through, the doughs munched on Southern-style fried chicken, roast beef and fresh fried eggs.

—Sgt. ROBERT McBRINN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Hard-Boiled Eggs

MANILA—When a man hasn't had fresh eggs in a long time, he'll go through anything to get them. This was the case with the 8th Regiment of the 1st Cavalry Division, while they were cleaning the Japs out of this area.

After long months of jungle fighting, the regiment finally got an issue of fresh eggs, and the chow line began forming several hours before breakfast. Then, just as the serving started, a Jap machine gun started peppering the area. Everyone ducked—but kept his place in line. The precious eggs were left sputtering on the stove. The only sounds heard above the Jap woodpecker and our own M1 fire were cries of "Don't let the eggs burn!"

One at a time, as their numbers came up, the cavalrymen left their cover, dashed up to the stove, hastily fried from two to four eggs and dashed off to safety to eat them.

Eventually somebody got around to knocking off the Jap.

—Sgt. DICK HANLEY
YANK Staff Correspondent

Rank Is Where You Find It

ABOARD A CARRIER IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC—Two members of the Marine detachment aboard this carrier were walking together down the flight deck.

"Captain," said one, "there's a strong breeze today."

"That's right, Captain," said the other.

Their conversation was overheard by a Navy commander behind them. He walked faster and caught up. "I don't believe I know you gentlemen," he said. "My name is——"

Then the commander noticed the corporal's stripes on the arms of each marine. "What do you men mean calling each other captain?" barked the commander.

"Well, sir," said one of the marines, "we always do that when we think nobody is around. It sorta helps our morale."

—Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Nazi Reconversion

WITH THE FIRST ARMY IN GERMANY—All the Germans in the American-occupied zone here are anti-Nazis, or at least that's what they'd like to have you believe.

Capt. James H. Denison, with a First Army AMG team near Cologne, ran into a German official who had to be kept on his job because no one else was available who could handle it. Although the Yanks knew they had to use him, they gave him a routine political quiz and of course he said no, he wasn't a Nazi; yes, he was an anti-Nazi.

Capt. Denison changed his tactics and asked him if the American troops had done much damage in the area.

"Yes, quite a bit," the official answered. "They came and took a lot of things. What was worst of all, they took my medals. Even one which the *Fuehrer* gave me himself."

—YANK Field Correspondent

BIG GAME. Three proud GIs take up a hunter's pose and get their picture taken with the trophy, a 125-pound leopard. They bagged it on an overnight jungle expedition during off-duty time in Burma. L. to r.: Sgt. John F. Wiley, Cpl. Leonard Patrick and Sgt. Aubrey Claser.

ALLIED EDUCATION. This American T-5 and Canadian captain are fellow-students at Balliol College, Oxford University, England, taking one-week courses open to Allied servicemen.

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LESS THAN A MINUTE

A carrier throws flak against attacking Jap planes.

A pleasant, lazy afternoon on a U. S. carrier broke up in a hurry when four Jap Bettys tore in out of nowhere to launch an attack.

By Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOARD AN ESSEX-CLASS CARRIER OFF FORMOSA —The men had been at general quarters, but now all of them had left their battle stations. All of them, that is, except the gun crews, and they were taking things easy. No Jap planes had been reported anywhere near the carrier for hours.

The men around the four-barreled 40-mm Bofors at the edge of the hangar deck's starboard quarter smoked and chatted. Roy M. Lyons CBM of Oakland, Calif., in charge of the gun crew, bummed a match from somebody. Another of the men looked at an old thumb-smeared letter. A red-haired loader glanced at his watch. The time was 1828.

Then it started. Far off to starboard the guns of two warships accompanying the carrier began firing at four tiny specks, barely above the water. They were Jap Bettys—twin-engine, torpedo-carrying planes. They had escaped detection, from both the carrier and its patrol of fighter planes, by coming in low. They tore on in despite the fire from the two warships.

Lyons waited until the Jap planes came within range, then yelled, "Commence firing." All the carrier's gun crews had been told to fire at any plane that appeared hostile, without waiting for orders from the gunnery officer.

In the gun director a few feet from the Bofors, James R. Alexander FC3c of Charleston, S. C., swung his sight toward the planes. The four barrels swung in the same direction. Alexander pressed the mount's trigger and flame spouted from all barrels. He continued firing as fast as loaders shoved four-shell clips into the gun.

The carrier's other starboard guns began firing as a bugle started playing the call to general quarters over the loudspeakers. The noise of a clanging gong mingled with the call; a general alarm was being sounded at the same time. Men dashed up and down narrow stairways, running for battle stations. Mess cooks left their galleys to become ammunition passers, and yeomen left typewriters to become members of damage-control parties. Hatches and watertight doors were secured behind them.

It was hotter than hell in fire room No. 2, way down on the seventh deck, deep in the hold of the ship. Sweat ran down the fire gang's faces, down their backs and chests. The heat from the room's two boilers had raised the temperature to almost 130 degrees.

"What's that? What's that?" Dodo Pappalardo F2c of New York City yelled into the mouthpiece of a telephone which hung around his neck. He listened, then raised his head and yelled excitedly, "Four Bettys coming in to starboard."

Two of the men went to the port side as if they had business there. The escape hatch was on that side. Another gazed upward at the thickly insulated pipes leading from the boilers. In many of the pipes was steam, its temperature 800 degrees and its pressure 600 pounds per square inch. The men not only were faced with the possibility of a torpedo tearing into the fire room; there was the chance one of the steam pipes might let go, even though the torpedo hit far away.

"We shot down any yet?" Pappalardo yelled into the phone. "What's going on?"

UP on the carrier's island stood Clermont Allen B2c of Charleston, W. Va., so high he could look down into the smokestack. Allen was the eyes and ears of the gang in fire room No. 2—and for the men in the other fire rooms, in the engineering compartments and deep in the hold. Normally, Allen was merely supposed to watch the stack. If any smoke came from it, he would notify the proper fire room in order to have it stopped. (A trailing cloud of smoke lets an enemy over the horizon know the ship's whereabouts.) But Allen wasn't bothering about smoke now.

He watched tracers streak toward the four Jap planes, none of them more than 75 feet above the water. The tracers converged on the foremost. It burst into flames and fell into the sea.

"There goes one of the bastards," Allen shouted into his telephone. He gulped, then added, "Dammit, I almost swallowed my tobacco." He spat backward onto the smokestack. The spittle hissed and immediately dried. The stack was always hot —usually around 300 degrees.

"Three others still coming to starboard," yelled Allen. Then he quickly added, "Hell, they're coming at us from all directions."

One of the Jap planes had veered toward the carrier's stern. Another came at the bow. The third was bearing down fast on the starboard beam. Allen twisted about on his small platform, trying to keep track of the Bettys. He saw the plane heading for the stern jerk upward slightly as if it had dropped a heavy load.

"One of them dropped a fish," he cried. His chin bobbed up and down as he worked on his "chaw."

Roscoe Justus B3c of Fort Wayne, Ind., was one of the men listening in to Allen's reports. He sat on a pea-coat locker at a hydraulic-control station on the third deck, near the escape-hatch exit from fire room No. 2.

Justus was there to operate the valves of his station if the need should arise. They were connected with the boilers down in the fire room. Justus could easily cut off the boilers' fuel oil or the steam that came from each. He also could release a cloud of smothering fire extinguisher in case enemy action caused flames to sweep the room. First, though, he would aid as many men as possible to escape through the hatch. In the fire room were controls similar to those in the hydraulic-control station, but there was no guaranty the men would have time to use them.

On the smoke watch, Allen spread his feet for better balance as the stern of the carrier swerved. The stern, with its rudder and propellers, makes the best target. Allen waited, but there was no lifting blast. The torpedo had missed the carrier. However, it didn't miss a nearby warship.

"Something's happened to a ship over there," shouted Allen, pointing as if his listeners could see him. "A white puff is coming out of her, and she's slowing down."

The plane that had dropped the fish spouted flame and plunged into the water. It had been caught in a cross-fire from the carrier and other ships. Almost immediately the plane that had started for the carrier's bow also flamed and dropped into the sea.

"The bastards are dropping all around," yelled Allen. "One of them fell into our wake, and the other——" The ship's loudspeakers cut in with the announcement for all hands to stay clear of the sides. The carrier was being strafed by the remaining Jap plane, coming in to starboard.

THE fourth Betty had come within easy point-blank torpedo range without dropping a fish. Lyons and the gun-crewmen could see their projectiles explode as they hit the plane. The starboard motor flamed and dropped off. But the plane came on—600 yards, then 500 and 400. Suddenly it veered off on a parallel course with the carrier, so close that Lyons could see the pilot slumped over. Every gun on the carrier's starboard must have hit the khaki-green plane as it went by. It hit the sea and exploded near the bow.

Lyons's gun crew stopped firing. Two of his men wiped hot oil from their faces. It had been spewed at them by the exploding plane. The red-haired loader looked at his watch again. The time was almost 1829.

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[illegible]

Sailors who have served on both oceans prefer the Atlantic; it's safer now, the weather's better, and shore liberty is best of all.

By Pfc. JUSTIN GRAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

WESTERN PACIFIC—"There's not a damn thing out here that can compare with liberty in the Atlantic.

"Why I remember one time when the old *Nevada* hit Belfast, North Ireland. I had to pull shore-patrol duty down by the American Red Cross. I was standing there, minding my own business, watching the dancing, when someone tapped me on the shoulder. A soft, feminine voice asked, 'May I talk to you, Shore Patrol?'

"I turned around expecting to see a little bit of a thing, but my eyes hit just about chest level on her. There, standing in front of me, was the tallest damn girl I ever did see. Well proportioned, mind you—but big. She must have stood a good six foot one. Well, we had a little conversation—mostly about the shore patrol—and then she asked me to have a coke. I couldn't take any while on duty, but I walked over with her to some seats lined up by the bulkhead and she sat down.

"She asked me to sit down too, and when I told her I couldn't because of regulations she just set down those cokes and reached out with one arm for my waist and the other for my knees and set me down on her lap—just as easy as that. I don't reckon you'll ever see anything as nice as that hunk of girl in the whole Pacific, no matter where you go."

That was Tiny Herrington BM1c sounding off on the difference between Navy duty in the Atlantic and the Pacific. Tiny weighed about 245 and was a good six feet himself, and the rest of the guys laughed at the part where the girl picked him up and sat him down. But, whether or not they thought Tiny's story was true, they did agree with his statements about liberty in in the two oceans. The Atlantic had it all over the Pacific.

Eight or nine of us were sitting on our sacks on a new battleship somewhere in the Western Pacific. All of us had seen both oceans—the sailors had served actively aboard ship in both—and it seemed natural to compare notes.

Gordon Hasby S1c, who had been on tankers in the Atlantic for over a year before coming out to the Pacific, said, "The best duty of all is Stateside—shore duty." Everybody agreed.

"You're damn right," said Gerald Lindstrom MM1c. "But when I have to go to sea give me the Atlantic, and I mean the North Atlantic. I've been on convoys to Murmansk and I was with the British Home Fleet for a long time. It's plenty cold up there, but you can still be comfortable on a good ship."

"Yeah," said Tiny, "it's okay for you to talk about cold weather when you pull a lower-deck watch, but I'd like to see you topside on the guns in that sub-zero weather."

"Cold or not," said James Dillon MM3c, "it's like you said yourself, Tiny. I can take all the cold they throw at me if I get good liberty at the end of every few months."

Tiny, speaking practically, made a good point. "A bar of soap or a box of pogey bait," he said, "could go a long way in the Atlantic, but all you can do with it in the Pacific is wash yourself and eat the candy. There are no girls to give it to out here."

Bill Effingham FC2c, who served on the *USS Quincy* both in the Atlantic and the Pacific before she was sunk on August 9, 1942, tied up the whole thing when he said, "Except for New Zealand or Australia, both of which are out now, there's not a liberty port worth anything in the whole Pacific except the Stateside ports."

When it came to actual sea duty, however, most of the men agreed that the Atlantic, when the Jerry subs were out in strength, was much rougher service.

Charles Mahoney Y3c, who had been in the Atlantic on a sea-raiding Q-boat, was emphatic about that. "The Japs never had anything like those German wolf packs," he said.

"Yeah, the Japs seem to hit our shipping more from the air," said Tiny.

Lindstrom, remembering his Murmansk convoys, said: "If you're sunk in cold waters, you don't have much of a chance. Even if you get on a life raft the cold will kill you off once you get wet. Out here where the weather is warmer you can usually make a go of it. There are more storms in the Atlantic, too."

"But the water in the Atlantic isn't as heavy as in the Pacific," broke in Tiny. "It's almost always choppy and a bit rough in the Atlantic, but these long swells out here can do real damage."

Hasby was on Tiny's side: "I saw more than 200 oil drums swept right off the deck of my ship once by one of those long, lazy Pacific swells. They don't look bad, but they are. And they can make you damn seasick, too."

"Hell, they've got those swells in the Atlantic, too," said Dillon. "One lifted me clean out of my sack off Casablanca last year."

"Storms are bad wherever they hit," Lindstrom summed up. "Generally I'd say the storms in the Atlantic last longer than those in the Pacific—about 21 days, maybe, for the Atlantic ones and three for the Pacific."

"As for combat," said Kenneth McNally EM1c, "I think the Pacific has it all over the Atlantic—rougher, I mean—now that the German U-boats are licked. It was rough in the Atlantic when the subs were out in full strength, but they never put out anything like the surface fleet the Japs have had against us."

"The Japs might have had a big navy, but their ships weren't ever as good, as Jerry's," said Lindstrom. "Why, the Jap destroyers don't even have watertight compartments. I remember once when we ran 26 knots to get away from the *Tirpitz*. I doubt if we would ever run from the Japs."

Tiny agreed: "The German ships have better fire control as well as watertight integrity."

"In spite of that," said Effingham, "the Pacific war is the tough war for the Navy man right now. The Germans don't have any naval strength left while the Japs still have plenty."

"One thing I liked about duty in the Atlantic was that you could transfer from one job to another easier than out here," said Lindstrom, on a new tack.

"That's right," said McNally. "Out here you're stuck once you get experienced along any special line. Replacements are hard to get. Back in the Atlantic you could get a chance at any number of different jobs. Doing the same thing over and over, like you have to do here, gets on your nerves after a while."

"One thing the Atlantic doesn't have, even off Africa," said Lindstrom, "and that's the terrific humidity you run into here."

"That's right," agreed Hasby. "At least in the hottest part of the Atlantic it cools off some at night. Never does out here. Right, Ef?"

Effingham smiled: "Out here I wake up in the morning and my bed is as wet as if I had kidney trouble."

For recreation in the out-of-the-way spots where liberty is impossible, all the men seemed to feel that the Atlantic fleet does a better job.

McNally, who runs the movie projector on this ship, said: "We left Brooklyn with 18 movies, all new, and they didn't know there whether we'd stay in their area or not. When we left Pearl Harbor they gave us only five prints. For some reason the men in the Atlantic get more movies than the men out here, and newer ones too. At least that's how I've seen them distributed. And look at that island of Mog-Mog. What a spot that recreation center is!"

"In Trinidad," Dillon said, "they set up a rec center where you could buy all the beer you wanted. Out here we get three lousy hours on a little island, get three hot beers and they tell us to have a good time."

Lindstrom expressed everyone's feeling when he added: "The main trouble with the recreation areas out here is that you're still ordered around. You can't get away from the fact that you're in the Navy. In the Atlantic rest areas we could usually get away by ourselves. I think it could be done that way out here too."

BY this time most of the group had drifted off to get ready for the 2000 to 2400 watch. Lindstrom, who didn't have to stand that watch, remained behind.

"You know," he said, "one reason I liked my Atlantic duty better than my present job is that off Europe you have more of a feeling of fighting with others. When we convoyed a group of tankers or freighters to Murmansk, there were ships in the convoy representing many different countries. Out here in the Pacific we seem to be all alone. I used to like talking to and meeting the British and the French and the Poles. Those British are pretty good with their navy even if their ships are a bit dirty. One thing sure, they won't run from anything. I liked serving with the British Home Fleet.

"We all hated to come out here. Our faces fell when we went through the Panama Canal. Well, maybe soon we'll all be out here together again."

Pacific waters are warmer to be sunk in, but their assets mostly end there.

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Your Home-Town Paper

It looks just the same at first glance, but when you inspect it you find fewer pages, more women reporters, more GI news.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

JUST to take a quick look at it, the newspaper you got every day or every week before the war still looks like the same old home-town paper—except for the headlines about the war.

But war changes a town, even a home-front town, and the changes are reflected in the news the local paper prints. You can spot the changes in the pages of every one of the 1,744 daily and 10,504 weekly papers published in the States.

The main reason the news has changed is that most of the younger men are in a war and away from home. That leaves a hell of a hole in the local scene. Editors try to plug the hole with the stories they think readers are most eager to see—personal stuff about home-town GIs.

A GI can make headlines in his home-town paper on D-Day, A-Day, S-Day and all the other days in the invasion alphabet. If he gets a slug through the chair knuckle, the home-town gazette plants his picture where all the neighbors can see it; if he squeaks through without a scratch, the picture runs anyway because he *didn't* get shot. The editor picks up two pieces of copy from an Army Public Relations Office. One story tells about a new lightweight gas drum that will save millions of cubic feet of shipping space; the other mentions that some home-town doggie got himself a pfc stripe. The editor plunks the gas-drum story into the wastebasket and runs the pfc promotion. Sam Sampson writes his mother from Tacloban, saying he bumped into Joe Gish, who used to drive the milk truck, and the whole town reads about the meeting.

When it began stressing the part, however humble, that the home-town GI plays in the war, the press may not have had any conscious notion of bucking up the GI or bringing the war home to civilians. But there are editors who claim that the policy serves both those ends. The average GI, they claim, can't help being pleased when somebody mails him a copy of the home-town paper with his name in it. The average civilian may have no idea whatever of what the front is like, but editors say he's bound to feel a bit closer to the war when he reads that the guy from across the street had a rough time at St. Lo or Mindanao.

BUT the sort of stuff they print in their columns is only a part of the changes the war has brought to the home-town papers. In Ironwood, Mich., for example, there's a choice little redhead by the name of Connie Murphy on the *Daily Globe*. She's not yet 20, but for the last two years Connie has been a *Globe* reporter, filling in for Douglas Tremain, now a sergeant with the 94th Infantry in Germany. Connie Murphy's routine is pretty much the same as Doug Tremain's was when he was legging the same beat. Every morning she crosses the Montreal River to the little next-door city of Hurley, Wis., and picks up news at the Iron County (Wis.) Court House, the City Hall and the school superintendent's office, and back on the Ironwood side she stops at the Grand View Hospital. Then she hotfoots it back to the *Globe*'s clean, new-looking building on McLeod Street and bats out her copy in the second-floor newsroom. But the stories that Connie gets these days are different from those Tremain wrote before the war.

Edwin J. Johnson, who went to work for the *Globe* 25 years ago and is now its managing editor, explains it this way: "There are 4,000 men and women in uniform from this neck of the woods. Their absence hits nearly every aspect of the paper. The *Globe* covers a big area that gets no other daily paper, so we have to play the war news heavily. But local news is still the backbone of our reader appeal.

"Now, take the social news. It's all lopsided. There's almost nothing doing, because there aren't enough men to go around. We've been giving a lot of space to teen-age activities, like the dances at the Municipal Memorial Building where 400 to 500 kids turn out every week.

"Look at the sports page. Ironwood used to be a great winter-sports town. Now there are no more tournaments with the big-time skiers jumping down the big slide. Semipro football and baseball are out, too. No men. The hottest thing left in sports is high-school basketball.

"We don't even get the old-time run of police-court news. Traffic violations are a rarity, and an assault-and-battery case makes a big story these days. The younger high-school sprouts don't have a chance to get in dutch with the family car; they can't get gas. And I guess the older men that are left don't get tanked up in the taverns and whale into each other so much.

"Then we come to the censorship problem. We're not squawking about it, as long as we know it's doing any good, but sometimes it's a hard thing to explain to our readers."

Johnson's favorite example of censorship, which is strictly voluntary, is the time Maj. Richard Bong, the Pacific air ace, gave a talk at the high-school auditorium. He noticed the girl from the *Globe* making notes, so when the talk was finished, the major told the reporter, "Of course, you realize everything I said here is off the record." "It's pretty hard," Johnson says, "for us and the townspeople to see how a speech delivered to 500 high-school kids can be called off the record."

The *Globe* seldom prints an interview with a furloughing GI on his combat experiences. "We've found that most soldiers clam up on us if we ask what they did in action. They act as if they're scared to talk, as if they've been given instructions to keep their mouths shut. We don't object to that, if that's the way it has to be, but we know we're passing up a lot of good stories that the folks around town would like to see in print."

The best sources for first-hand stuff about the home-town GIs overseas are the letters they write themselves. Relatives run into the newsroom at all hours of the day with mail they've received from one battlefront or another, and the *Globe* prints all or part of almost every letter brought in. The letters run in a column called "With the Colors," a daily feature which, since the war began, has carried the pictures of more than 2,000 GIs from Gogebic County on the Michigan side and Iron County in Wisconsin.

In the day-to-day grind of getting a paper on the streets, smaller newspapers like the *Globe* have been hit harder by the manpower shortage than bigger publishing outfits. Experienced men have been lured from small papers to more glamorous and sometimes better-paid jobs on metropolitan papers, forcing the little sheets to fall back on women or green hands. Connie Murphy, for instance, is one of an estimated 40,000 replacements for the 50,000 regular staff reporters, editors, typographers, pressmen, advertising men, etc., who are gone. On the *Globe*'s staff there are five women subbing for men.

A byproduct of the manpower shortage is the boypower shortage. It takes 100 carrier boys to handle the *Globe*'s circulation of 7,000, and boys are hard to get. This is something new, especially in Ironwood. "We run to large families here," says the managing editor, "and there used to be competition among the boys for jobs on a *Globe* route. When one boy grew out of the job, he passed it along to his kid brother. We can't hire boys under 14. I guess now a boy over 14 can make more money on some other job, or else his folks are giving him a big allowance and he has no reason to want to go to work."

Multiply the *Globe* by 1,744 and you have a pretty good sketch of some of the things that are happening to every daily paper in the country. Linwood I. Noyes, publisher of the *Globe*, is in a position to know that the problems of his sheet

Connie Murphy is filling in for a reporter now a GI in Germany.

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are fairly typical, particularly of the 1,531 dailies published in cities of less than 100,000 population. Noyes is winding up his second term as president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, whose membership represents 735 dailies in the United States and Canada.

In spite of wartime handicaps, including a slight population decrease shared by cities elsewhere that are not big war-production centers, the *Globe* has climbed in the last year to its highest circulation. This rise is in line with national figures showing an increase of 1,562,009 in circulation of daily papers during 1944 to a total of 45,954,838. Five dailies, staggered by shortages of men and newsprint, went out of business, but during the same period 10 new dailies were started.

To newspaper people these figures are significant, because circulation continues to grow while publishers worry about restrictions on the use of newsprint paper and a nation-wide decline in advertising, which in 1944 averaged 2.5 percent under the 1943 volume. In 1944, daily papers got only 86.4 percent as much paper as they got in 1943, and in 1943 they got 20.2 percent less than they got in 1941. There was no curtailment of quotas for papers under 3,000 circulation—mainly weeklies, of which there are 8,727 published in towns of under 50,000 population. You can get your home-town paper overseas more easily if it's a weekly.

The Taylor family—Valetta, Orrin, Editor and Mrs. W. O. and Vincent—ready the Archbold *Buckeye* for press.

IN the heart of Ohio's farming section, the Archbold *Buckeye* ships out 275 copies to GIs all over the world every week—about one-eighth of the paper's total circulation. The *Buckeye* makes a good example of what's stirring among the weeklies, because it has knocked off a fistful of national prizes for this and that, including general excellence.

In the first place, Archbold is a deeply religious Mennonite community with a population of 1,234. When the first paper was founded there in 1886 by W. O. Taylor, he says the Mennonites had a moral ban against reading newspapers. This stymied Taylor for some years, but he explains, "I waited for the next generation."

Now, at 78, Taylor still edits the *Buckeye*. His 71-year-old wife is the star reporter, and his two sons Orrin and Vincent and daughter Valetta make up the rest of the staff.

So many men were pulled out of Archbold that the paper is freckled with advertisements of farm sales by families who can't make a go of it with sons and husbands gone. But news of farm activities, crop prospects and livestock marketing still fill a great many columns in the *Buckeye*, as is natural in a place where there are fewer people than there are Duroc, Hampshire and Poland China hogs and Black Angus and white-faced Hereford beef cattle.

The Archbold paper goes whole hog on every scrap of information it can get about home-town GIs. A regular feature is a column called "New Addresses." Everytime anyone gets a change of address from a serviceman, the *Buckeye* runs it so the GI's friends can keep track of him.

COLUMNS like this and the Ironwood *Daily Globe's* "With the Colors" are standard with all papers. Letters from GIs to relatives that are published in these columns seldom contain much more than such personal observations as "I'd trade the whole Mediterranean for one cupful of Lake Superior." But once in a while a letter comes through that gives the paper's readers a more intimate picture of what goes on in a war than all the millions of words pounded out daily by high-powered correspondents working for papers, syndicates and leased-wire services.

Here's a letter from Iwo Jima which Pfc. Billy Meacham wrote his wife in Paducah, Ky., and which the Paducah *Sun-Democrat* republished:

"As you know, we are on Iwo Jima and this is our sixth day. I haven't had my clothes off nor have I as much as washed my face since D-Day. Things have been plenty tough, but I am safe and well and wish I was back on that ship, even though I did get pretty seasick on the way over from Guam.

"I'm sitting in a foxhole now, and believe me it feels plenty good when these mortar shells start falling. I can't write much in all this confusion, and you probably have read all the news in the paper.

"I've prayed more in the six days I've been here than I did in all my life before. . . . I know you all are praying constantly for me too, and that makes a fellow feel mighty good."

Even in the once-impersonal pages of the big-time metropolitan sheets—213 of them, published in 90 cities of over 100,000 population—Cpl. Pete Zilch's picture will turn up when he captures two Germans or breaks his leg stumbling down the gangplank. And the casualty lists look longer and more ominous in the big-city journals.

Very much on the increase just now are columns giving servicemen and their families information about Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief, veterans' organizations and the like. Some of these columns undertake to give individual readers "personal, confidential replies."

Readers who only scan headlines and don't bother about the text of stories are apt to get the impression that Patton, Zhukov, MacArthur, Eisenhower and Montgomery are smashing their way through the enemy single-handed or at best covered by a squadron of B-17 pilots, all from Brooklyn and shouting "Nuts!" The people who write the heads appear to be incurably optimistic, and civilians who read them must find it hard to understand why the war did not end in 1942. Even in the tabloids, by the way, the war has banished crime from page one. It takes a very juicy rape or murder to rate a big play today.

In spite of the spectacular climb to popularity of several war correspondents—notably Ernie Pyle and Hal Boyle—in the American press at large, no columnist has been able to challenge the position of Walter Winchell as the one with the most widespread audience. Winchell's fans still gobble up his Broadway tidbits, his intimate investigations of the international scene and his word acrobatics. Among the political columnists, Drew Pearson and Westbrook Pegler are still holding their own near the top in circulation figures. Editors say that the most popular comics of the moment are "Terry and the Pirates," "Dick Tracy" and "Li'l Abner," but in almost any paper you pick up you can find some of the old favorites such as "Blondie," "Popeye," "Superman," "Joe Palooka," "Bringing Up Father" and "Little Orphan Annie."

The old riddle about whether the chicken or the egg came first has a parallel in the newspaper business: Should newspapers lead public opinion or merely try to reflect it? As with the chicken-egg problem, there seems to be no one answer that everybody will accept, but the last Presidential campaign made it appear that Americans do not pay as much attention to what they read in the papers as editors would like to think they do. Sixty percent of all daily papers in the States and 53 percent of the weeklies came out for Tom Dewey before the election.

Publishers say that concern with freedom of the press is as strong as ever in America. Noyes of the Ironwood *Globe* is satisfied that U. S. newspapers are "in exceptionally good hands—as conscientious a crowd as you could expect to find."

NUMEROUS mechanical developments that have been in experimental stages for several years may make some changes in newspaper-production methods, but your post-war paper probably won't look much different from the one you left behind—at least for another decade or so. By then, facsimile and television gadgets may be ready either to supplement or supplant the newspaper as we know it now.

Robert U. Brown of *Editor & Publisher*, the industry's leading trade magazine, believes that newspaper staffs will be both enlarged and improved as a result of lessons learned during the war. Hundreds of newspapermen from individual papers in cities like Philadelphia, St. Louis, Des Moines and St. Paul are overseas as war correspondents. (Many of these men are sent out to give their papers exclusive coverage and also, according to Elmer Davis, Office of War Information chief, to bleed off some of their papers' excess taxes.) This means that many American newswriters who might otherwise never have left this country are getting a broader viewpoint about the rest of the world. After the war they'll bring this viewpoint back, and their papers may become less provincial and more international-minded. Brown foresees greater attention to interpretive material, which will demand higher qualifications among newspapermen. This in turn should create a better pay scale for newsmen and may put an end to milking newspapers of their best talent by weekly magazines, advertising agencies, public-relations outfits, etc., that have been offering more money.

One thing is certain, and the men who make the newspapers know it. Reporters are going to have to be on their toes and bat 1.000 when they sit down after the war and write about the far corners of the earth. If they start shoveling shale, they're liable to get 10,000,000 razzberries, because, gents, you'll have been around, too.

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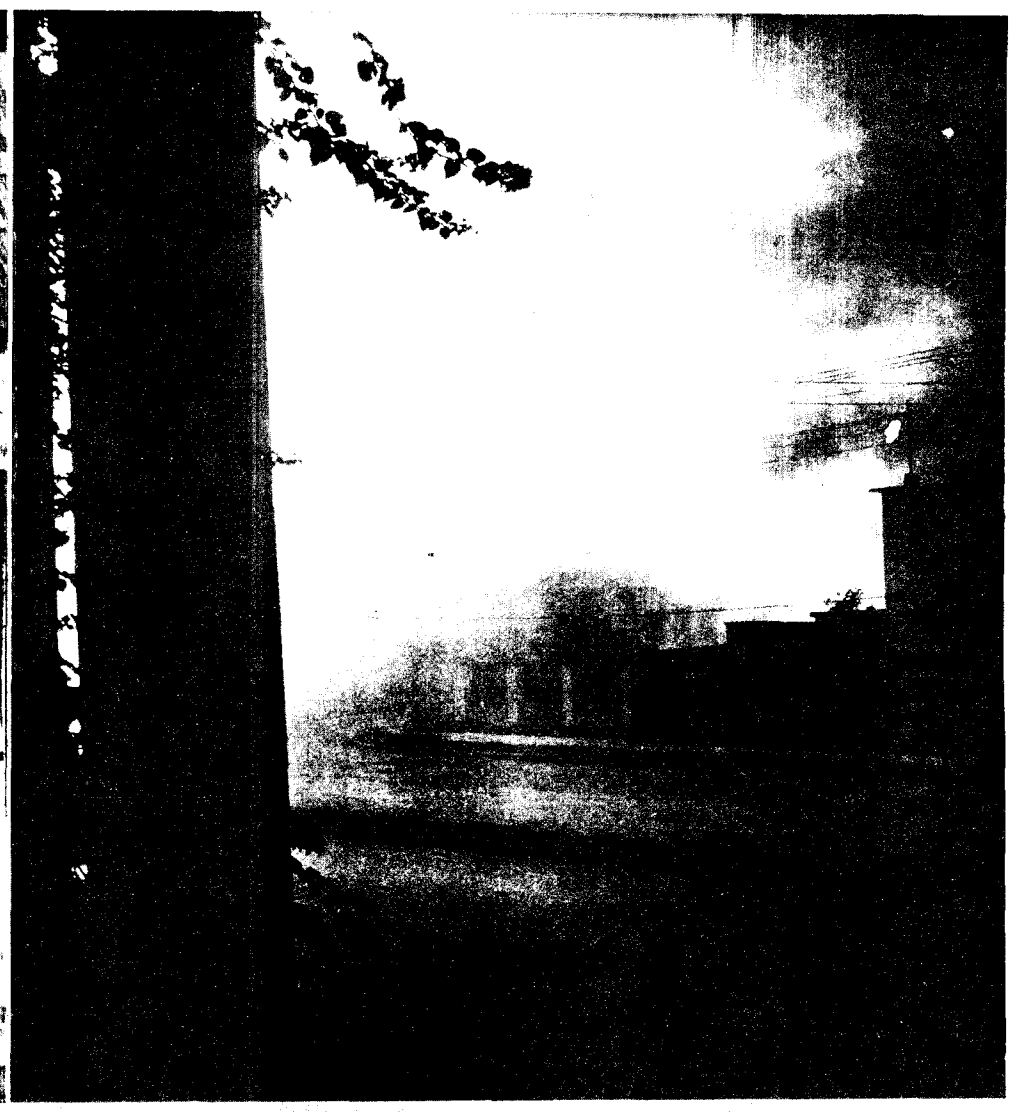
.S INFANTRYMEN FIGHT INTO MANILA, ADVANCING FROM BUILDING TO BUILD-NG UNDER JAP FIRE, ONE GI PAUSES IN A DOORWAY BEFORE GOING ON.



WHEN THE JAPS RETREATED THEY LEFT FLAMING BUILDINGS BEHIND THEM. MUCH OF THE DESTRUCTION IN THE CITY WAS CAUSED BY THE ENEMY'S DEMOLITION SQUADS.

MANILA

EVEN IN THE RUBBLE AND SCORCHED WALLS OF THE CITY, FILIPINO WIVES STILL DO THEIR WASHING AND HANG IT ON THE LINE. THIS WAS ONCE A SWANK RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT.

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IN THE JAPS NOT ENTIRELY CLEARED OUT, A SHERMAN TANK STANDS IN THE WRECK-
OF DOWNTOWN MANILA GUARDING AGAINST A POSSIBLE INFILTRATION MOVEMENT.

TWO COMBAT MPs, ONE A GI AND THE OTHER A "FILAMERICAN" MEMBER OF THE
MANILA POLICE, ARE ON DUTY TOGETHER IN THE CITY'S BUSINESS DISTRICT.

[redacted]

THIS PICTURE SHOWS A SECTION OF DOWNTOWN MANILA WITH BLOCKS OF ROOFLESS WALLS.

HE SIGNAL CORPS IS STILL ON THE JOB, SETTING UP COMMUNICATIONS IN
HE RUINS OF MANILA. THESE TWO GI LINESMEN ARE STRINGING WIRE.

CPL. JAMES GILLIM AND PVT. CHARLES WILSON
LOOK OVER A NEW MANILA NEWSSTAND.

A BATTERY OF 105-MM HOWITZERS FIRES
ON JAP CONCENTRATIONS IN THE CITY.

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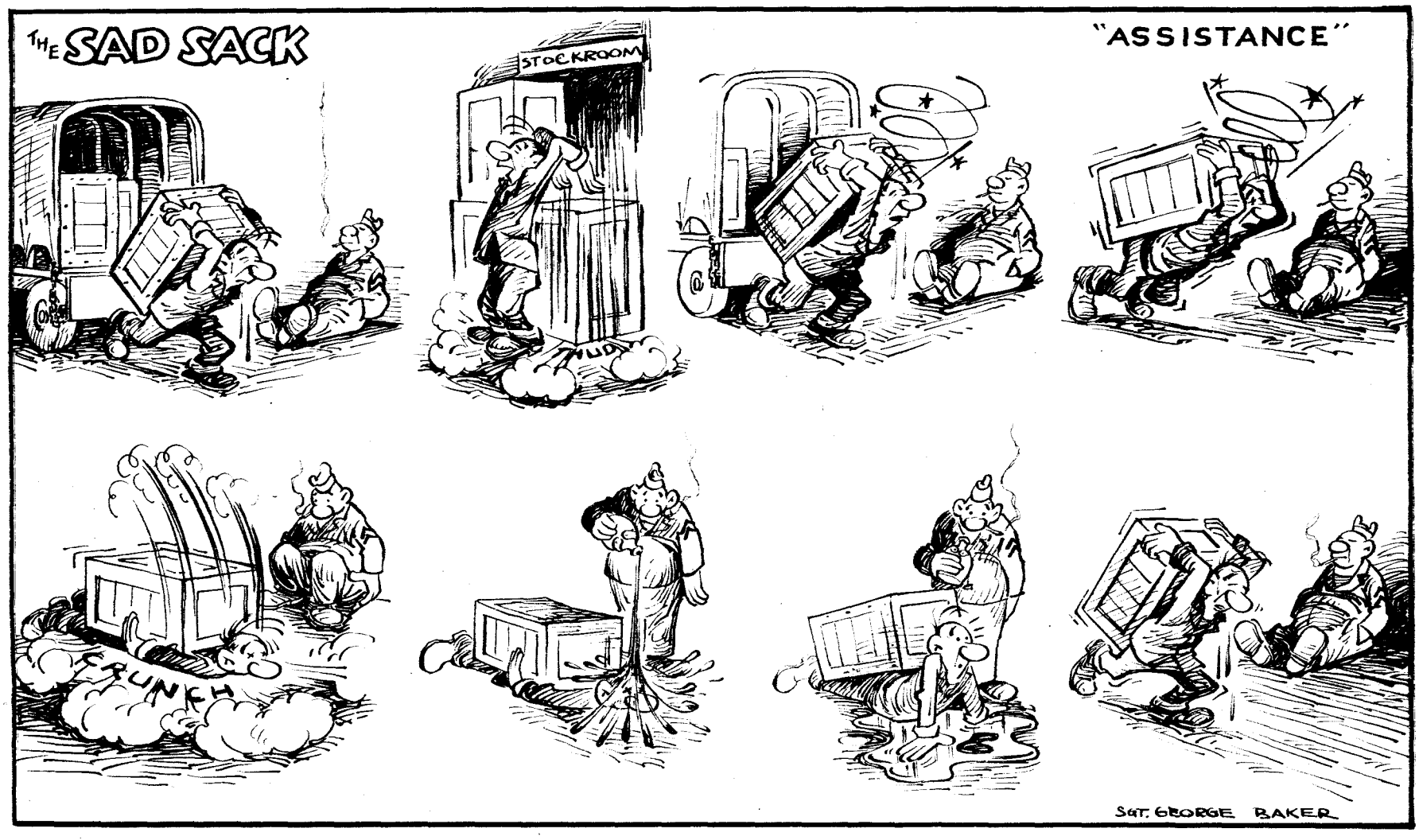

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

State Militia

Dear YANK:

I understand that service in the National Guard is added to the service spent in the Army and that a total of three years in both entitles one to longevity pay. Does service in the home guard or state militia count the same way? We were activated when the National Guard was made part of the Army. We received the same training and had the same duties as the National Guard. We took their place. Do we get the same breaks?

Britain —Sgt. LOUIS F. DANTE

■ You do not. The National Guard had a Federal status but home guards and state militia never did. That is why National Guard time counts toward longevity and home guard or state militia time does not.

Civilian Job Rights

Dear YANK:

Before I entered the service I had a job for over five years with a firm that manufactured electrical household appliances. Now that firm is doing war work and I hear that it does not plan to manufacture the same type of goods after the war. In addition the firm has been reorganized, is under a new management and has a new name. However, I do know that the same board of directors still runs the show. Am I still eligible for my old job when I am discharged?

Marianas S/Sgt. JACK BALLEN

■ You are. A veteran's eligibility for his old job is *not* affected by a change of name or management of his old

firm. So long as you apply for your old job within 90 days after you are discharged you should get it.

Dependency Discharge

Dear YANK:

I entered the Army in 1943, and my wife died a short while after that. At that time my 2-year-old daughter went to live with my mother. Two months ago my mother passed away and I had to turn my daughter over to a state home for care. I have no other relatives who can take care of my child. I do not think that a state institution can supply the parental love and care my baby needs. Is there any way that I can get a discharge to take care of my child?

Italy —Sgt. LARRY READ

■ *You may be able to get a dependency discharge under AR 615-362, paragraphs 22-25.* The AR states that "when by reason of death or disability of a member of the family of an enlisted man, occurring after his enlistment, members of his family become dependent upon him for care and support," he may be discharged. To get the discharge you will have to submit an affidavit to your CO showing that you are needed at home to care for your child, that there is no one else who can care for her and that this situation is the result of your mother's death.

Combat Engineers

Dear YANK:

I am with a Combat Engineers unit in the field. Am I part of the Army Service Forces or of the Army Ground Forces?

France —Pvt. WILLIAM WALTON

■ A Combat Engineers unit in the field comes under the Army Ground Forces. The Office of the Chief of Engineers, the over-all headquarters of the Engineers, however, is a part of the Army Service Forces.

Insurance Payments

Dear YANK:

Will you please settle an argument for us? I say that GI insurance pays off to a GI's widow even if she remarries, but my buddies insist that it only pays while she remains unmarried. Who is right?

India —Pfc. HAROLD S. STANTON

■ You are. National Service Life Insurance has nothing to do with the marital status of the beneficiary. If a widow remarries, the monthly payments on the insurance keep right on coming for a specified number of years without regard to her financial or marital status.

Homesteading

Dear YANK:

You ran a short item in *Strictly GI* recently about homesteading. In that item you stated that veterans with two years of service would need only seven months on a homestead site to fulfill the residence requirements of the law. Can you tell me where I can get full information about sites and other details about homesteading?

Alaska —M/Sgt. GEORGE S. COMBS

■ The Department of the Interior has prepared literature on homesteading, and you can get any information you may require by writing to Commissioner Fred Johnson, General Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington 25, D. C.

Home Loans

Dear YANK:

I am back here waiting to ship back to the States. When I get there I expect to be discharged. With that in mind, I have had my wife looking around for a house we can buy with a loan under the GI Bill of Rights. She writes me that she has located a house but that she has run into a couple of snags on the deal. The one that annoys me most is the fact that the local realty agency insists that I will have to pay $100 extra for getting it to put through my loan guaranty with the Veterans' Administration. Are they trying to take me, or can they soak a veteran for helping him get the loan OKd by the Veterans' Administration?

Hawaii —T/Sgt. MILFORD B. JONES

■ Such a charge is illegal. Regulations issued by the Veterans' Administration state that commissions, brokerage or similar charges may not legally be made against a veteran for securing a loan guaranty. Only fees usually paid by the borrower—such as title search and guaranty, transfer fees, etc.—may be charged to the veteran.

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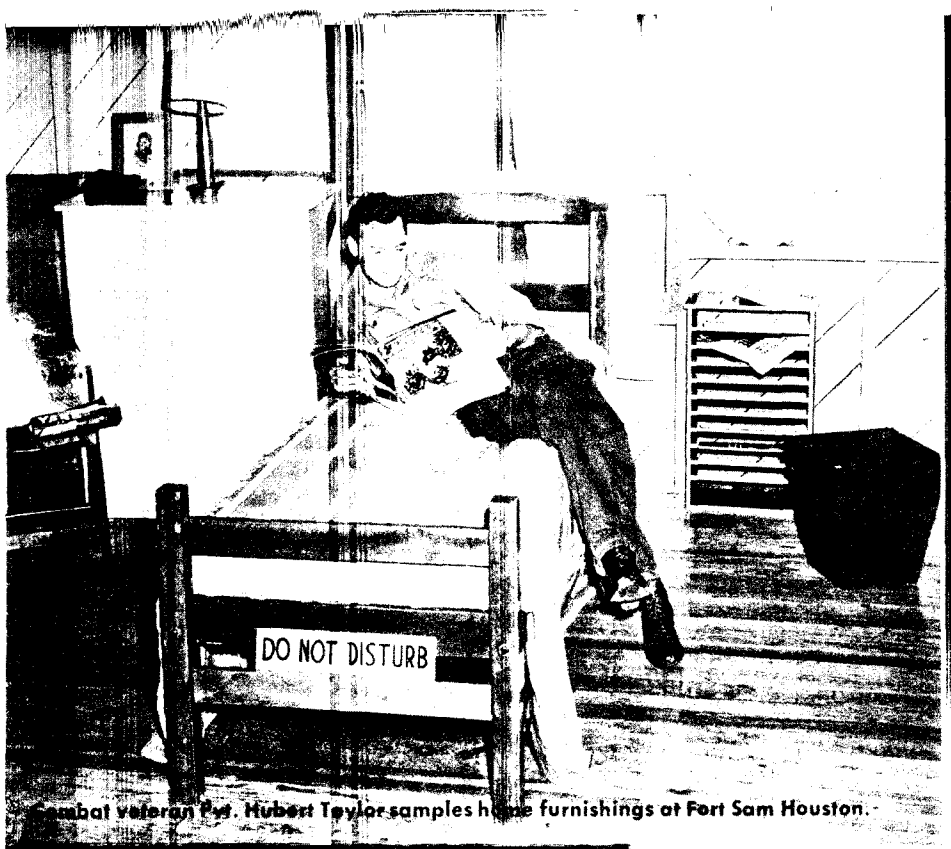

Combat veteran Pvt. Hubert Taylor samples home furnishings at Fort Sam Houston.

ICE ARTISTS. Pvt. Bob Whight and his wife Peggy, formerly a well-known team in ice shows, put on a performance for veterans from overseas at the AG and SF Redistribution Station at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Barracks Are Dolled Up For Returning Vets

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—Former tenants of foxholes and pup tents reporting to the AG and SF Redistribution Station here will soon find fancy bureaus, throw rugs, lounge suites and magazine racks in their barracks. Many articles of furniture are being constructed from salvaged materials by the veterans themselves. A miniature furniture factory, converted from a company supply room, has under order 2,000 bureaus, 200 magazine racks and 8,000 curtain rods. Materials come from salvaged foot lockers, discarded boxes and miscellaneous lumber. Drapes are being made from dyed target cloth. Non-GI bedsteads and other furniture will be painted in bright pastel shades.

Supplementing the home-made furnishings to be installed in the barracks will be a variety of hotel-type adornments, now under requisition—writing desks, occasional chairs, desk lamps, bedspreads, radios, rugs, smoking stands, wastebaskets and ashtrays.

"All we need now," said T-5 William L. Brown, a veteran of many Tunisian foxholes, "is hot and cold running maid service." —Pfc. JOE DEITCH

Seagoing Soldier

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—T/Sgt. Laurens A. MacDonald of the Bronx, N. Y., is a salt-water soldier if there ever was one. As a ship's gunner on Army transports from 1942 until October of last year, he crossed the Atlantic 52 times, and counting coastwise travel to the Canal Zone, he figures he has covered more than 450,000 nautical miles since he has been in the Army. Here at Breckinridge he's assigned to the MPs of the 1570th Service Unit.

MacDonald had a couple of close calls and he knows all about blessings in disguise. There was a time in Panama, for instance, when he fractured an ankle aboard ship. Hospitalized, he was forced to remain behind, and on its next voyage his ship was torpedoed and sunk. On other occasions the ship he was aboard escaped enemy subs and aircraft. "We never zigged when we should have zagged," he says.

Enlisting in the National Guard in 1940, MacDonald served with the 258th Field Artillery Regiment and was stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., and Madison Barracks, N. Y. After participating in maneuvers he was transferred to the 109th Coast Artillery Transport Detachment. The gun crews of the three transports on which he served were under Navy jurisdiction on water and under Army jurisdiction on land.

—Sgt. CARL RITTER

RATIONED SHAVING

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Capt. Ernest L. Wood, Company I, 800th Signal Training Regiment, looked over the soldiers and sailors under his command. It was a Class A inspection and his practiced eye spotted a very youthful sailor with a few wispy hairs protruding from his chin.

"How often do you shave, sailor?" he inquired.

"Every five weeks, sir," was the reply.

"Well, from now on," said the captain, "you shave every three weeks."

CAMP NEWS

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Through a sudden shift of personnel, Pvt. Michael (Irish Red) Roach became the only private in his company. The publishing of details ceased, making Red KP, latrine orderly, day-room fireman and everything else that had any extra work attached to it.

Ardmore AAF, Okla.—"No sugar? How can anyone drink this stuff without sugar?" said a GI as he faced a cup of "black acid" at the Service Club counter. Which inspired another GI to horn in with the old business about why didn't the counter girl dip her finger in the coffee and sweeten it for the nice man. The girl smiled understandingly, dipped one finger, then her thumb, then her whole hand—and turned away.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Peace will mean back to Pearl Harbor for Pvt. Verco W. Houston of the IRT here. Though only 17 years old, he went to work as a shipfitter at Pearl Harbor soon after the Japs attacked it. Two years later he returned to the States and volunteered for military service. Now he has written the commandant of the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard asking to get his old job back after the war. The commandant says he can have it.

Grand Island AAF, Nebr.—The boys here were a little upset when *Strictly GI*, the field newspaper, carried a two-column advertisement from Camp Howze, Gainesville, Tex. Stressing the point that "we build men," Camp Howze offered attractive lodges, outdoor-sleeping facilities, hiking and rifle practice with the accent on neatness and discipline. Those interested were urged to see their local draft boards or nearest airfield agents. Camp Howze is an Infantry Replacement Center.

Camp Fannin, Tex.—S/Sgt. Harry L. McKinney, mess sergeant at Mess Hall No. 8, hopes lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place. While he was talking over the day's business with the mess officer, a bolt of lightning struck outside the mess hall, then somehow made a circuit through the mess-hall telephone mouthpiece and hovered around the anatomical part that the sergeant sits down on. Sgt. McKinney went into an amazing routine but was uninjured except for the severe strain on his nervous system. —Cpl. PHIL GROGAN

Patience, Sister

Dibble General Hospital, Menlo Park, Calif.—The phone at the information desk here rang one day, and when Ray Squires, the civilian in charge, picked it up a feminine voice asked for a certain patient. Unable to find the name in the files, Squires told her, "I'm sorry, but we don't have a patient by that name listed."

"Oh, but you must have," was the reply. "I'm sure of it. I'm his wife, and he called me from Massachusetts to tell me he'd just gotten back to the States and was being sent to Dibble General Hospital right away. I caught a train and came straight out here from my home in Texas. He just has to be there."

"He probably will be in a day or so," said Squires, grasping the situation. "This is only Tuesday and his train couldn't possibly get here before day after tomorrow."

48 Hours a Wac

AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J.—After two years in Iceland, England and France, Sgt. Robert Conto wasn't quite prepared for it when his orders put him into the 1000th AAF Base Unit (B), which is the WAC unit here. However, he made the most of the situation by drawing unnecessary items of clothing in the supply room. He was busy trying on some yellow gloves and getting his big feet into off-duty opera pumps when along came Capt. John Leary, who wanted to know what went on.

After 48 hours in the WAC, Conto was transferred into the 1010th AAF Base Unit (B), where he belonged all the time. "Just when I was getting to like those yellow gloves," he sighed.

Can't Understand Women

Stark General Hospital, Charleston, S. C.—Cpl. Joe Lorello, a GI barber, is going around these days muttering, "I can't understand women, but God bless 'em, I love 'em—especially my wife."

Joe's wife hadn't been feeling well. She got lonesome staying home alone all day, so she asked Joe if she couldn't visit the folks in New York for a week or two. Joe agreed but he didn't want her to make the trip alone. That matter appeared to be taken care of, however, when a fellow-soldier and his wife dropped in with the news that they were on the way to North Carolina to catch the streamliner for New York.

The train was late, but when it pulled in, the other couple boarded it and Joe's wife started to climb aboard. Then she turned around, put her head on Joe's shoulders and started to cry. She couldn't leave him. So the train pulled out with Joe and his wife standing alone on the platform. That's why Joe confesses he doesn't understand women. —S. Sgt. KARL KORSTAD

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THE BATTLE OF Lexington Avenue

By Cpl. KNOX BURGER

SAIPAN—One day a month or so ago I was sitting under a pyramidal with a former inmate of the Bronx named Duffy—Cpl. John P. Duffy. He was talking about New York and what a great place it is, and how he'd like to be there now, putting away a few in Borderwick's or at Martin's over on Webster Avenue, where they used to sell it for 15 cents a scoop. These poignant memories were apparently brought on by a letter he had just gotten from a friend of his who used to be stationed at 39 Whitehall Street. He had just been shipped out —overseas to Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn. As Duffy told it, he clenched a fist and whimpered.

"I took my basic training in New York," I said casually.

"Yeah, probably at Nick's in the Village," said Duffy. "I started there, too."

"No, I was stationed at Grand Central Palace, the induction station."

"Uh huh, and I suppose you asked for a transfer to the Marianas."

"Well, I never thought of it just that way, but I suppose that's what it amounted to."

"Look, just sit quietly." Duffy got up. "I'm going after the squadron sailmaker. We'll get you a strait jacket."

"Wait a minute—let me tell you how it was," says I.

"You see, the people in charge of the Palace—located conveniently on Lexington Avenue between 46th and 47th Streets—had what the psychiatrists referred to, between their teeth, as a mass inferiority complex, which they took out as best they could on us. It wasn't exactly the ideal atmosphere in which to build soldiers, but you had to give them a certain amount of credit for trying.

"For instance, somebody got the prodigious idea that the entrances to the building ought to be guarded at night. After all, the place was—loosely speaking—a military installation and, who knows, some 4-F might try to sneak in and get inducted on the sly.

"There were only four doors to guard, so naturally they larded the interior of the place with posts—one on each floor—so that Guard Mount would look like something. It made you feel like something less than a Silver Star winner to have to call up the little wench Saturday night and tell her you were watching some eye charts for the Government and you couldn't keep that date at Liggett's."

"Then, one fabulous day, they instituted the Basic Training Program. Thirty or 40 guys were relieved from duty for a month in order that they might lead The Hard Life between the hours of 0800 and 1630 daily except Sundays.

"A line lieutenant winding up at the Palace, if I may digress, is not unlike an elephant being ushered to the elephants' graveyard and tactfully left among the ivory. We had a first and a second whose duty it was to march us, with full field packs, down Third Avenue and then over to the armory at 33d Street and Park, where we trained. They never marched us down Park or even Lexington. I suppose it was just as well, all things considered."

"Yeah," broke in Duffy, "the dames might have thought you were hiking down to the banana boat and messed up the formation trying to kiss you good-bye or something."

"Precisely. Matter of fact, more than once we had cigarettes thrown at us from upstairs windows."

"That must have been a long time ago," said Duffy.

"But that particular stretch of Third had been an old hang-out of mine, and it evoked fond recollection. Costello's, Shevlin's, Harvey's Fish House, the White Rose at 34th Street.

"It turned out that I wasn't the only one of that little band of curbstone warriors who was familiar with the neighborhood. One noon (we used to march back to the Palace for lunch) a civilian tottered out of a bar as we went by. 'Hey, Jimmy,' he shouted unsteadily. No one answered him. 'Hey, Jimmy! Forget your old friends?' The lieutenant at the head of the column winced. 'You wasn't so high-hat when you was a cop on this beat,' the man was muttering as we passed down the sidewalk.

"Once inside the armory, we did close-order drill—chiefly, it would seem, so that the girls who worked in the Underwood Elliott Fisher typewriter offices across the street could giggle at us as we marched past the windows. We took turns giving commands. One time a T-4 was marching us straight towards a covey of folding chairs. It was his first try, and the lieutenants had their eyes on him. The T-4 got panicky. 'Right by bunches,' he finally blurted out. 'Move.'

"After an hour or so of this, we were seated in a corner of the hall to watch training films—'Kill or Be Killed' and stuff like that."

The girls who worked in the typewriter offices across the street giggled as we marched past.

"Kill or be killed where?" asked Duffy. "In the subway rush?"

"No, there were no training films on how to get second helpings at the Stage Door Canteen, or how to beat the theater-ticket line at 99 Park Avenue. Those things we had to learn the hard way."

"The hard way, eh?" said Duffy.

"Marching back from the armory, we were usually minus a few men who had ducked out and taken the elevated. The second lieutenant who led the rest of us back gave orders in an accent so Southern that no one really knew what language he was speaking. Sometimes with red lights we had to take the initiative ourselves. I remember one afternoon young Jeff Davis was looking over his shoulder, evidently counting cadence at us, when he walked into a crotch-high fire hydrant at 120 paces per. He took a taxi the rest of the way."

"Lucky he wasn't doing double-time," said Duffy, crossing his legs thoughtfully.

"The next stride we made toward being soldiers consisted of a trip to Fort Dix, N. J. The fleet of trucks that pulled away from the Palace that cold, rainy morning was carrying many of the lads farther away from home than they had ever been before. This was It. We crawled under machine-gun fire, scouted the streets of a deserted town, ate cold C-rations and got dirty—'just like in the newsreels,' as one young urinanalyst put it. As the day drew to a close, the officer in charge, out of uniform but imposing in a lavish sheepskin flying jacket, climbed up on a rock and inhaled deeply. 'Men, today we've had a chance to get outside and clean the carbon out of our lungs.' There were furtive coughs, and I fingered my trachea pensively. 'I want you to do it more often. Lay off the bars and movies for a while. Get over to the Y and work out. Get out in the sun. Get rid of that Grand Central pallor.' He paused while the first-three-graders laughed dutifully. He was in the midst of outlining a crippling PT program to be enacted each morning on the concrete floor by our bunks when I decided the hell with it. They could take their Combat Subwayman's Badge and——"

"You went the whole hog, didn't you?" interrupted Duffy, gazing out at the coral, bright white in the sun.

Just then the air-raid siren sounded and we sauntered out to the foxhole.

"Everybody to his own taste," I thought I heard him say, but the AA guns were slamming so loudly by then I wasn't sure.

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GI Shopping Service

LACE UNDIES TO BABY BOOTS—WHAT YOU WANT, THEY'LL BUY.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

SOME detail or other came up while the pfc was deeply involved in the adventures of Magdalene Coorver in a story in *True Sex Adventures* and when he came back to his barracks the magazine was gone. In time the pfc wound up on an island in the Pacific. He had plenty of time to think.

He brooded all day. He couldn't sleep nights. Did Magdalene Coorver disregard the advice of all her friends and continue to run around with the distinguished-looking milkman who had a wife, five little ones with running noses, and a punctured eardrum? Did she lose her honor? How? Was she sorry?

Finally he wrote to the Service Men's Service at 8 East 61st Street, New York, N. Y., and asked for help. After an intensive search one of the Service's shoppers came across the copy of the magazine the pfc was pining for, bought it and sent it to him. It cost 9 cents.

That's about the least expensive commission the Service has ever undertaken in a serviceman's behalf. For nearly three years now the organization has been handling the wants of men and women in all the armed forces and the Merchant Marine who find themselves far from shopping centers. The boss and founder of the Service is Mrs. J. Truman Bidwell, wife of an Army officer with overseas service. Since the operating costs of her organization are met by the New York City War Fund, the Service doesn't have to charge GIs more than regular retail prices.

Mrs. Bidwell's patrons seem to think well of the way the Service works. She keeps getting letters addressed to "Dear Angel" and "Dear Fairy Godmother."

Tops on the list of requests are black lace underwear and black negligees. And GIs aren't the only ones who want their girls and wives in black negligees. Service Men's Service once bought a negligee set on a general's order.

Here's a typical letter from a man ordering a gift for his fiancee. "On the hoof," he wrote from the Pacific, "she measures 5 feet 1 from top to toe, weighs about 105 pounds, has dark hair (beautiful) and light skin (lovely), and is assembled in such a manner as to make Lana Turner look like a sack of old potatoes. I suspect she's always had a suppressed desire to be slinky and sophisticated like Marlene Dietrich, so I'd like very much to get her one of them there negligees or whatever they are. You know, all glamorous and frothy and sultry-looking. The sort that will shock her mother and convince her that her future son-in-law has a lewd and depraved mind."

One GI sent the Service an excerpt from a letter his wife had written him to say thank you for a negligee. "When you come back," she wrote, "I'm going to go out and buy some black paint and paint the windows so I can wear this black negligee for you all day long."

Then there was the officer in the Pacific who wanted to get an assortment of things for his wife. He said she was 5 feet 1 and weighed 108 pounds, and he wanted her to have a pair of white satin rayon panties with lace trimming (waist size 22) and a white net evening bra (size 32) and a set of George Washington shakers. Salt and pepper shakers.

THE most expensive article the Service has bought for a GI so far was a diamond engagement ring. It cost well over $1,000. The shoppers have also bought a piano, an automobile and material for wedding gowns. They devote just as much time, though, to buying the less expensive things like children's toys. One of the shoppers, Mrs. Muriel Fisher, took two weeks to spend $3 for a man overseas who just wanted snuff. "I had to go around from store to store," she explained, "because no store would sell me more than one box at a time, and each box cost only 10 cents."

The volunteer shoppers are all women, and like all women they have spent a good part of their lives looking for good buys. And through their experience with the Service they have made contacts with all sorts of merchants and have discovered countless places to get bargains.

It's rare when Service Men's Service can't carry out a mission. One of the few occasions was when the men of some outfit in a Western state wanted a young deodorized skunk as a mascot. They didn't explain why they had settled on a skunk, but the shoppers went out looking for one anyhow. They discovered there weren't any young skunks around because it was long past mating season and all skunks were big skunks.

Another disappointed customer was a GI in England who sent $100 to be spent entirely on stockings—presumably for use in trading with the natives. His money had to be returned because the kind of stockings he wanted weren't being made any more.

A mother who had received a gift from her son in Italy through the Service wanted to do something special for him in return. She wrote the Service that her son had asked her to bake him a chocolate cake but that, since she was afraid a cake from the States might get stale in transit, she'd like for the Service to arrange to have the cake made right in Italy. The request had to be turned down because Italian bakeries just can't get the ingredients for making chocolate cake.

During the last Christmas season, orders for merchandise ranged from $1,200 to $2,000 every day over a six-week period. Christmas is always the Service's busiest time, but gifts are purchased for uniform-wearers the year round. The Service keeps lists of all the anniversaries that GIs want remembered and makes sure that a specified gift reaches the person it's meant for on the right day.

Here's what the shoppers did for one soldier overseas who wanted to remember his parents on their 25th, or silver, wedding anniversary: Went to a bank and got 50 silver dollars; bought two silver boxes and put 25 of the dollars in each one; wrapped each box in silvered paper and enclosed congratulatory messages written in silver ink.

Sometimes, as when GIs order shoes, the shoppers come up against the rationing regulations of the Office of Price Administration. Occasionally, when there was a good reason, the OPA has given the shoppers ration points to make purchases. A GI who landed on Guam was touched by the sartorial plight of the islanders, who hadn't been able to get new clothing all the time Guam was in the hands of the Japs. He sent the Service $60 to buy shoes for women and children, as well as material for dresses. Luckily his order came just after the OPA had released a large quantity of shoes for sale without points.

EVERYTHING that communicative GIs tell the Service is held in strictest confidence. One man overseas forwarded the Service $50 to buy six presents—one for his wife and five others for five other girls. He was a sailor, and the shoppers could tell right off the places where his ship had docked while he was in the States, because each of the girls lived in a different port.

The Service was pleased to note that he'd ordered a $25 present for his wife but specified that the presents for the other girls were not to cost more than $5 apiece.

A GI in France wanted a negligee for his wife. Miss Joyce Ward finds one.

Mrs. Muriel Fisher buys a bunny for the daughter of a pfc in the Pacific.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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ITALY, Sgt. Harry Siems, AAF; Sgt. August Loeb, AAF; Sgt. Dan Peltier, AAF; Cpl. George Barrett, AAF; Pfc. Ira Freeman, Cav.; Pfc. Carl Schwind, AAF; Pvt. Dave Shaw, Inf.

INDIA-BURMA and CHINA, Sgt. Paul Johnston, AAF; Sgt. George J. Corbellini, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Dave Richardson, CA; Sgt. Lou Stoumen, DEML; Sgt. Walter Peters, QM; Cpl. Jud Cook, DEML.

ALASKA, Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF; Cpl. John M. Haverslich, CA.

IRAN-IRAQ, Sgt. Burtt Evans, Inf.; Cpl. Alfred Kynch, DEML.

PANAMA, Cpl. Richard Douglass, Med.

PUERTO RICO, Sgt. Don Cooke, FA; Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

MIDDLE EAST, Sgt. Richard Paul, DEML.

BRAZIL, Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

BERMUDA, Cpl. William Pene du Bois, Inf.

ICELAND, Sgt. John Moran, Inf.

NEWFOUNDLAND, Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

NAVY, Donald Nugent Slc.

■

Commanding Officer, Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer, Maj. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager, Maj. North Bigbee.

Procurement Officer, Maj. Gerald J. Roch.

OVERSEAS BUREAU OFFICERS, France, Maj. Charles L. Holt; Britain, Capt. Harry R. Roberts; Australia-Philippines, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Central-South Pacific, Maj. Josua Eppinger; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Lt. Grady E. Clay Jr.; Iran, Lt. David Gahll; Panama, Capt. Howard Carswell; Puerto Rico, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames.

This Week's Cover

THE combat medic who posed for Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, at the Ninth Army front in Germany is Pfc. Oliver Poythress of Raleigh, N. C., attached to K Company, 406th Infantry, 102d Division. For more sketches of K Company men, see pages 2, 3 & 4.

PHOTO CREDITS, 5—PA. 6—Sgt. Donald Breimhorst. 7—Left, Signal Corps; right, OWI. 8—INP. 9—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 10 & 11—Sgt. Georg N. Meyers. 12—Upper right, Cpl. Roger Wrenn; others, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 13—Lower left, lower center and lower right, Cpl. Wrenn; others, Sgt. Hanley. 15—Signal Corps. 17—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 20—Warner Bros. 23—Upper center, Sgt. John Frane; lower left, WW.

Limited Assignment

Dear YANK:

Our outfit has furnished a number of good men for reinforcements, and it has been interesting to read some of the complimentary articles that have been written about the performance of men used for this purpose.

The side of the story I want to tell is about the type of limited-assignment soldier we get to replace these men.

This is a headquarters company and the new men sent to this regiment come through here for processing and assignment to the various companies. We get the first look at them, and they look good. Selection is almost a matter of "falling them in" and "counting off" the number you need.

These men are a bit quiet when they arrive. They accept any quarters or duty without a murmur, avoid any reference to physical limitations and make us feel that they are really anxious to become members of our units.

Our company has been in several ETO stations and had hundreds of men attached to it for various reasons, but there hasn't been any group that measured up to the standard of these so-called battle casuals.

Other first sergeants in this regiment feel the same way about these new men and have called to say something nice about the ones who have been assigned to their companies.

My experience is that the American soldier who is injured and gets back on his feet is a real man.

Britain —1st Sgt. JOHN P. FLANNERY

Automatic Pfcs

Dear YANK:

It is with great interest that we noted the news that all privates who have served for a year will be eligible to make pfc automatically. We of higher rank (such as pfc) feel glad for them because they are not held back by T/Os and sorry as hell for ourselves because we are. It is a bit discouraging to see a private come up to the great station of pfc unfettered by any of the restrictions imposed by a T/O.

For us who have been in the rank of pfc for over a year—in some cases longer—we think the Army should establish a seniority system, whereby the newcomers would be merely pfc and us old-timers would be pfc, senior grade, and would be entitled to wear a small silver star within the V of our stripe, said senior grade bringing only honor if not additional pay. After all what would we want with additional pay, when in but a few months we'll start drawing fogey pay anyway?

—Pfc. S. P. WELTMER*

Mountain Home AAF, Idaho

*Also signed by Pfc. D. J. DiLorenzo and Pfc. B. R. Turk.

Dear YANK:

The recent regulation raising unrated EM with over one year's service under their belts to pfc is indeed heartening. Now something should be done for the men who are stagnated as pfcs and corporals for years and years. True, too many ratings cannot be dished out at random, but I believe some consideration or promotion should be given to deserving men.

I propose that if a man has not had a promotion for over one year he should at least be given a raise in pay, maybe not equivalent to the sum of the next higher grade, but at least to a third or so of the amount. Such a move would indeed help raise the morale of those who happen to be in outfits where T/Os are filled up for long periods.

—Pvt. DAVID SENET

San Bernardino AAF, Calif.

Better Mess Kits

Dear YANK:

How about a few words to help the troops who eat out of mess kits? All we request is gear that is noncorrosive instead of the cheap thinly plated steel ones that must be regularly salvaged to prevent an epidemic of the GIs.

Great Bend AAF, Kans. —Cpl. SAM BARRERA*

*Also signed by four others.

Forever Amber

Dear YANK:

By directing further attention to that pile of verbiage politely called, "Forever Amber," I think you have done a serious disservice to every one of your readers who has not had the time and good fortune to learn to distinguish good books from bad ones. I'm sure you know as well as I do that Miss Winsor's product is not only trash but trash of the dullest and most insipid kind, which any professional writer, if he would dedicate himself to sex and the common point of view, could write and, with the aid of so much publicity, sell in as great quantity as she has. . . .

I quite appreciate the newsworthiness of "Forever Amber," but as responsible editors knowing well the influence of mere best-seller lists, you should at the very least have had the conscience to let bad enough alone. If you think that sex, in these times, needs still another spotlight, for God's sake be so kind as to point out that the most exciting sexy books are among those which critics and public alike have acclaimed. . . .

YANK is, as you know, read thoroughly from cover to cover, and is, I think, capable of considerable influence. So my suggestion is that you devote some space in each issue to a review of what you honestly think is a good book, current or classic. For instance, think what rapture you might kindle by leading the detective-story addicts to Dostoyevsky, the mystery fans to Poe and James' "Turn of the Screw," the action lovers to Conrad and Hemingway, the comic-strip fiends to "Pickwick Papers" and Thurber, the sex and true-love devotees to D. H. Lawrence and—well, you take it from there, please.

San Marcos AAF, Tex. —Cpl. H. B. PRICE

Suggestion

Dear YANK:

Before I go any further, I want you to know that this is merely a suggestion. A few days ago a friend of mine received a letter from his wife informing him that he had become a proud daddy. Two days later he got a telegram telling him the same thing, and it was sent two days before the letter. Being a radioman myself, I know that a telegram certainly is a faster means of conveying a message than a letter. Evidently there is a lack of efficiency somewhere along the line.

Now here is my suggestion. I know for a fact that there are plenty of good 300- and 500-watt transmitters getting rusty, and there are also some darn good radio operators who are doing things like laying wire and digging latrines. How about getting some of these unused transmitters and some of these misplaced radio operators, rig some good antennas somewhere in England and get a 24-hour radio service between here and the States for things like deaths, illnesses, births, etc.? I'm sure every GI who has received a 10-day-old telegram will appreciate a service like this.

France —Sgt. H. FORMAN

Amphibious Tanks

Dear YANK:

I sure do enjoy your magazine very much. But really, why haven't you ever mentioned the amphibious-tank battalions who take the greatest part in the invasion of islands? I read YANK on the invasion of the Philippines and there was not a darn thing about the amphibious tanks which were in the first wave. I think we should get credit too, for it's the Infantry and Field Artillery and medium tanks who get all the credit. It makes us feel like we don't do anything at all in combat. . . .

Philippines —Pvt. PETE BELAK

■ You didn't read all of YANK's coverage of the Philippine invasion. It included a story by Sgt. Ralph Boyce, who landed at Tacloban with an amphibious-tank battalion.

Court-Martial Tip

Dear YANK:

For 15 months I worked on court-martial matters at an Army post in Alaska. To those who are interested in knowing the main reason why so many convictions are obtained by the Army, it is because the accused doesn't take advantage of his fundamental right to refuse to talk on the ground that anything he says may be held against him. In many instances the accused, at the investigations, "talks his head off," thereby ruining any possible defense his counsel might interpose in his behalf.

Were the GI who is in a jam aware that the burden of proving him guilty is upon the prosecution and that he can sit back and not say a word, it is my considered opinion, as a lawyer and a GI, that the percentage of convictions would be far lower.

In other words, don't talk, at least not until advised by competent counsel.

Alaska —T-5 IRWIN J. MAST

Latrine-Pit Doctor (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

The recent letter from the "latrine-pit doctor" published in *Mail Call* should not go unanswered. I am one also, now, after returning from 33 months overseas, and I like it.

The doctors in the front lines and in the forward hospitals are doing a professional job with justifiable commendations. To the rear, however, I am ashamed to admit there are more than a few who gripe because they had to give up lucrative practices to become "latrine-pit doctors." These envy the others lucky enough

"Anything new on my transfer, sir?"

—Pfc. Thomas Flannery

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FIT FOR COMBAT, UNFIT FOR INSURANCE

Dear YANK:

BEFORE I came overseas I passed a physical for a $10,000 life insurance policy. Upon my arrival in the China theater I received notice that my policy was rejected because of a previous case of syphilis before entering the Army.

I have had a number of Wasserman and Kahn tests taken and they've all proved negative. I have consulted my commanding officer about this matter, but he has taken no forward steps toward helping me with it.

I have a wife and four children who are depending on me for support. If I were killed they would be left alone without support.

I want to know if I am compelled to stay overseas if I can't get any insurance. I would also like to know what I can do toward getting another policy and if I can get one or not.

China —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

I lost my right eye in an accident a year before I was inducted into the Army. At the time of my induction I was informed I was in limited service and wouldn't leave the States, so I only took out $5,000 insurance. I filled out an application for an additional $5,000 before leaving the States but received a letter from the Veterans' Administration informing me that it was turned down because of my eye. Incidentally, when I was given my overseas physical, the vision of my glass eye was registered as 20/40.

Isn't it true all GIs that are overseas are entitled to $10,000 insurance?

Britain —Sgt. FREDERICK A. GROMER Jr.

Dear YANK:

. . . I have been in the Army for seven years and never did have Government insurance. I applied for it just before I came overseas, and it was disapproved because of physical disability. Yet I have already been on the front lines. Is it true that if the Government won't approve insurance for me I should be discharged? Also the Veterans' Administration in Washington won't approve. What should be done?

Italy —Pvt. CLARENCE G. MURFEE

Dear YANK:

One question I would like for you to answer for me. When I was in the States the Army required all soldiers to take out $10,000 worth of insurance. I took it out three months before I left for overseas. Two days before I left, I got a letter from the Veterans' Administration in Washington saying that my insurance application was disapproved, that I was too fat. So, I only have $5,000. If I am too fat, why did they bring me overseas? My weight is 265.

India —S/Sgt. THOMAS McKOY

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Burma-India theater for a little over six months now and during that time I was under the impression that I had $10,000 worth of insurance, but recently I received a letter from the Veterans' Administration which stated that my application for $10,000 worth of insurance had been denied.

Prior to my coming across the sea I only had $2,000 worth of insurance. When I got on an overseas project I applied for the $10,000 insurance and, to the best of my knowledge then, I was receiving the full amount. They even started taking a deduction of $6.70 out of my pay to cover the $10,000 policy.

The reason the $10,000 policy was denied me was because prior to my induction I had a social disease of which I was cured before my induction. At the present time I am in the best of health and have recently undergone a complete physical examination. I have taken the matter up with the authorities on this base and they tell me that there cannot be anything done about it. . . .

India —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

. . . Just received a letter from the Veterans' Administration that I was considered in poor health because of *attitis media* (chronic draining of my left ear) and that my insurance premiums for the past four months would be returned to me. I feel that if I'm good enough to serve my country they should protect my family by insuring me. I'm good enough to pull KP, CQ, drill and all the details, but little consideration is given to my defects or age.

I'm married with three fine boys and will be 35 years old my next birthday. My right eye is 20/400 and civilian specialists have told me that it will have to be removed to save my left eye by the time I'm 39.

Please tell me what to expect, as I'm very bewildered and fighting in the dark. The officers here say that it is tough but that I'm in the Army. How's about it?

Texas —(Name Withheld)

■ The National Service Life Insurance Act provides that any person entering the military or naval service of the U. S. is entitled to apply for and obtain, without physical examination, insurance up to a maximum of $10,000. However, application for this insurance must be made within 120 days after you enter the service or you lose the right to get the insurance without physical examination. Once the 120-day period has passed, the applicant has to be able to satisfy the Veterans' Administration that he is in good health. Good health, as defined by the Veterans' Administration, means that "the applicant is, from clinical or other evidence, free from disease, injury, abnormality, infirmity, or residual of disease or injury to a degree that would tend to weaken or impair the normal functions of the mind or body or to shorten life." Therefore, under present Veterans' Administration interpretation of the law, a man might be considered in bad health insofar as insurance requirements go and still be considered good combat material. This doesn't make sense. YANK, like the writers of the above letters, feels that our present insurance requirements are unfair and that it is high time something was done about them.

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to be in hospitals in the interior. Both of these types demand personal advancement as if it was their due, and cry on each others' shoulders because they are misassigned.

Why don't they realize that lawyers, executives, teachers sacrifice a great deal more and do not even rate commissions? Why don't they realize that we are all in this to win the war, not to jump from grade to grade? Why don't they realize that preventive measures must be enforced to preserve the health of troops? Why don't such doctors realize that a battalion surgeon has the best opportunity of all to give personal individual therapy to each and every one of his unit's men, with mental effort as well as with drugs?

The "latrine-pit doctor" had better snap out of it and apply his pity to the deserving soldier instead of to himself.

Logan Field, Md. —(Name Withheld)

'GI Boy'

Dear YANK:

The "GI Joe" term, which the Associated Press reported soldiers do not like, does not strike me as being as offensive as a term most officers use in speaking of enlisted men. For the past three years I have noticed that the majority of officers, when speaking of enlisted men, refer to them as "boys." Some of these officers are so thoughtless as to address the men to their faces as "you boys." The fact that the officer may be somewhat younger than the man spoken to apparently does not enter his mind. . . .

I have often heard officers refer to the men under their command as a "fine bunch of boys" in a manner similar to the way a rancher would speak of his stock as a "fat herd of cattle." I wonder if the officer who talks like that really thinks of his men that way.

Webster's Complete Reference Dictionary gives three meanings for the word "boy": *1)* a male child, *2)* a young lad, *3)* a male servant. A mature enlisted man certainly cannot be classified as a male child or a young lad. He has no alternative but to feel the officer speaking thinks of him as a servant.

Call me "GI Joe" if you want to. Call me soldier if you care to. But for Pete's sake, don't call me "boy."

Italy —M/Sgt. SAMUEL D. CALLOWAY Jr.

Homely Men

Dear YANK:

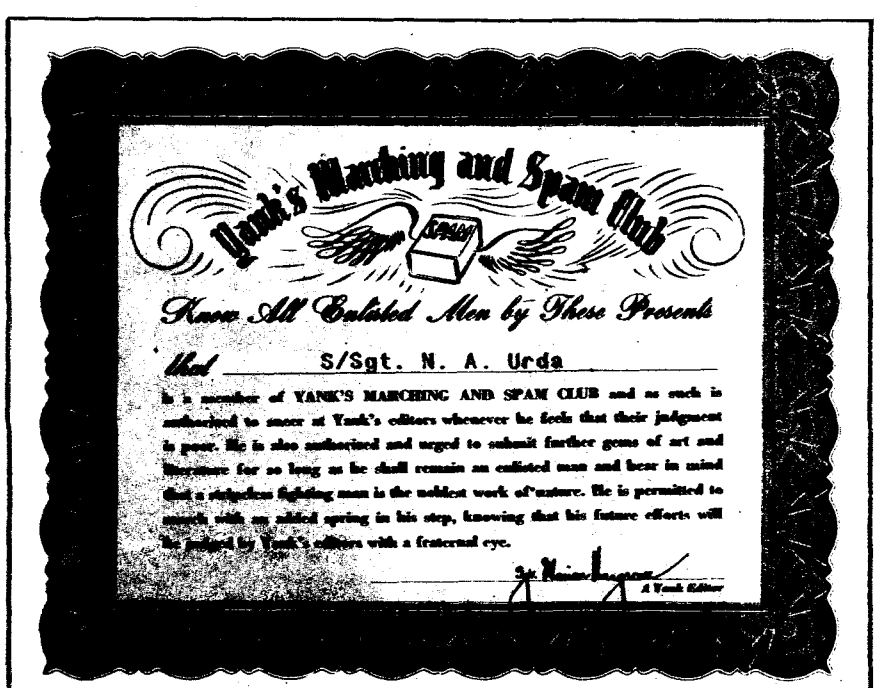
. . . It's curious how most females, no matter how unbeautiful they are themselves, automatically shake their heads in the negative when a homely man asks them to dance. . . .

The other evening I made it my business to date the homeliest-looking fellow I could find around here. He was so homely that even some of the widows who are quite advanced in years wouldn't consider dating him. He picked me up promptly, took me to the best places and was so polite that he made me feel just like royalty the entire evening. He was a very interesting conversationalist, too, and his dancing was right out of this world. I had a better time with him that evening than I had ever had with any of those good-look-cheapskates I had been dating before. He didn't try to paw me when he left me at the gate. He kissed me good night in a manly way that was thrilling and still not too forward.

Yes, I'll date him again and again, if he wants to, and when I see a homely man standing in the stag line at the service-club dances, I am going to actually ask him to dance. I've found it's well worth the trouble.

Did it ever occur to some of you snooty gals that people can be beautiful inside as well as outside?

Kelly Field, Tex. —Sgt. BETTY HOLLIS



Marching and Spam

Dear YANK:

I am enclosing one of your "super deluxe" rejection slips, which you can blow out of your right eye. If I've gotten one of these things, I've gotten 300. I've never tried so hard to get into a damned magazine before in all my life, and I'm entirely fed up with these idiotic certificates you insist upon sending me—"Marching and Spam Club." What a laugh! I see red. What a bunch of heads!

Maybe my stuff isn't good enough to be printed in YANK and I don't give a damn about that, but for God's sakes quit sending me these latrine pin-ups. The editors of YANK may be wiser than a tree full of owls, and I don't know about that, but as far as I'm concerned you can count me out on your practical jokes. My nerves are on edge and not from pounding a typewriter!

Britain —S/Sgt. N. A. URDA

Strictly GI

Troops in Philippines. Fourteen divisions and three special combat teams are on record as being in the Philippines as of March 5, according to YANK's Philippine Bureau. They are as follows:

40th Infantry	38th Infantry
37th Infantry	77th Infantry
1st Cavalry	24th Infantry
11th Airborne	96th Infantry
6th Infantry	7th Infantry
25th Infantry	503d Paratroop Regiment
43d Infantry	158th Combat Team
32d Infantry	112th Cavalry RCT
33d Infantry	

Soldier Voting. The following information on state elections was issued by the Adjutant General's Representative on Soldier Voting:

ILLINOIS. Election to be held June 4.

Officers to be voted for: Justice of 5th Supreme Court District; circuit court judges in all circuit court districts; judge of Superior Court of Cook County.

Soldier may use post-card application supplied by Army at his request (USWBC Form No. 1).

State will receive soldier's application for state absentee ballot at any time.

Earliest date state will mail absentee ballot to soldier: April 20.

Date on or before which soldier's executed absentee ballot must be received back by appropriate officials within state in order to be eligible to be counted: June 4.

PENNSYLVANIA. Primary to be held June 19.

Officers to be voted for: Two judges of State Superior Court; municipal and county officers.

Soldier may use post-card application supplied by Army at his request (USWBC Form No. 1).

State will receive soldier's application for state absentee ballot at any time.

Earliest date state will mail absentee ballot to soldier: May 1.

Date on or before which soldier's executed absentee ballot must be received back by appropriate officials within state in order to be eligible to be counted: June 26 (1000).

General instructions and information as to voting procedure in 1945 elections are contained in Circular No. 487, WD, 1944.

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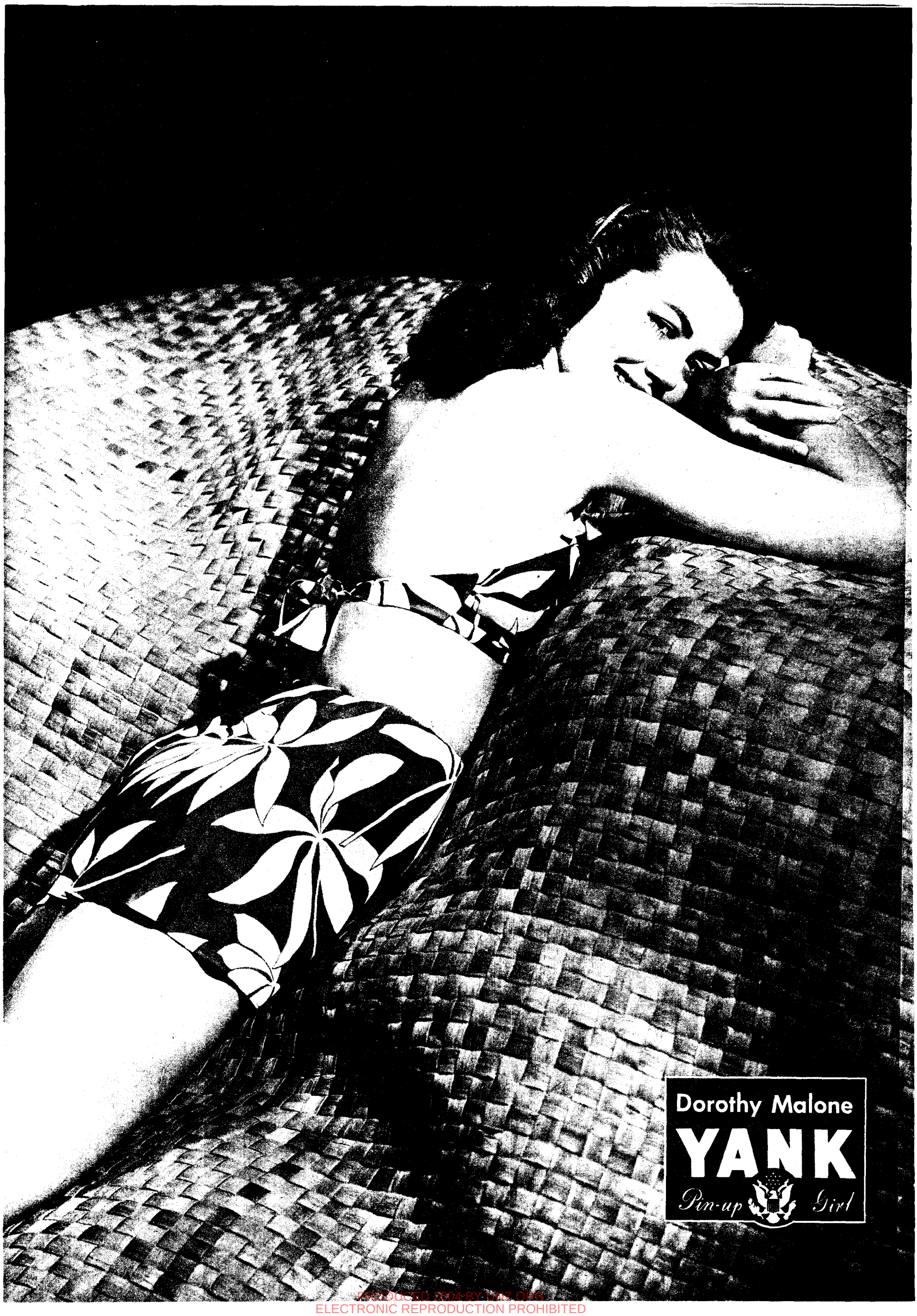

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The Poets Corner

Cologne

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches.
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The River Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?

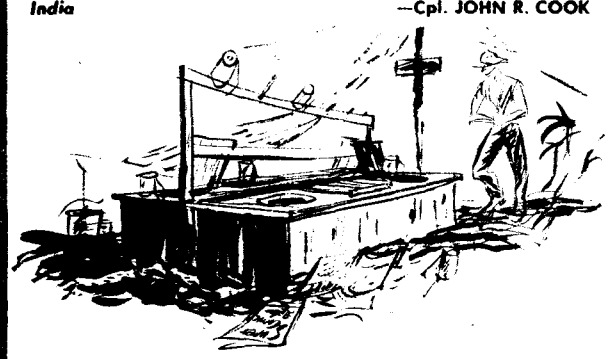
—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

ON BEAUTY DURING WARTIME

Write Beauty out.
Write it in mile-high words
Upon the plane-racked sky.
Scrawl it in crude wounds upon the heart.
Rivet it against the snarl of angry lead
That tunnels through the chattering air
In graceful arcs of death.
Play it up big but plenty.
Startle midnight with the neon glow
Of advertising flares and tracer blurbs.
Paint it, with blood for media, on the grass.
Sing it, holler it out loud
Above the orgiastic brawl of drunken guns.
Etch it on the kiln-crazed surface of the mind
With acid-bitten lines of deep despair.
Do it, brother, do it now.
Write Beauty on your heart.

For otherwise
It isn't and will never be.

India —Cpl. JOHN R. COOK



JUNGLE PARADISE

Life is so sweet in the tropics,
Life is so calm and serene:
The taste of dehydrated rations,
The smell of an outdoor latrine.

The stench of a rain-soaked wool blanket,
The mud that creeps up to your knees,
The nights filled with stars and mosquitoes,
The beetles that drop from the trees.

The coconut milk so effective
(It works in the wink of an eye),
The coating of dust o'er your person
Each time a jeep passes by.

Your skin that turns yellow as sunflowers
From the taking of much atabrine,
The rust that clings to your rifle,
The mold on your shoes, thick and green.

Yes, life is sweet in the tropics:
So happy, so jolly, so gay.
But describing this Garden of Eden
Is not what I came here to say.

For it's not here my heart beats contented,
Nor my soul really happily belongs.
So here's greetings from Paradise Island,
The home of the palms and sarongs.

Dutch New Guinea —Cpl. GEORGE A. HARRIS

MARCHE MILITAIRE

She sat in the corner with a flower in her hair
In a straight-backed chair,
With a flower in her hair
And tapped her toes to the tambour.

A madman all in a warrior's dress,
Through the prancing press,
In his warrior's dress,
Snatched her up for his lady.

Down to the dark,
Up to the day,
Back to the echo of the last flute's lay,
Where she ran into the morning.

Still in the corner with a flower in his hair,
In a straight-backed chair,
And a madman's stare
In a straight-backed chair,
And marching boots for his tambour.

France —Sgt. PATRICK J. O'SULLIVAN

COMPARISON

In the glaring day
The land is boring
And trucks are dusty mechanisms,
Though 'tis true
That high above the planes may climb,
Twisting and turning,
Then falling to catch the sunrays,
Like a handful of small, bright coins
Thrown by gods.

Ah, but at night
The roads are peopled
With stubborn, coughing beasts
That probe the hillside,
Showing great white eyes
To the silence,
And against the silvered sky
Palm trees are tall women,
Their backs to the wind,
Hair blowing round their faces.

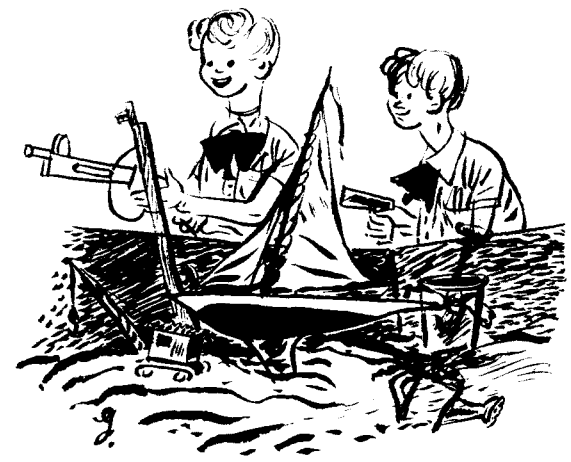
The sun, I grant,
Claims the favor of fickle gods.
But darkness brings such art
That even those careful poets,
The moon and the mountain,
Heed the ancient song
Of the surf.

Saipan —Sgt. STAN FLINK

ADVICE TO A FRIEND

Be as you are, always. Reserve no note
For commonplaces.
In your own tongue, from your own throat
Always the word that races
Stronger, subtler and more meaningful
Than staid iambics and measured rhymings
Tom-tomming on the page with age-old chimings.

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Sgt. KEITH B. CAMPBELL



AMBUSCADE ON FURLOUGH

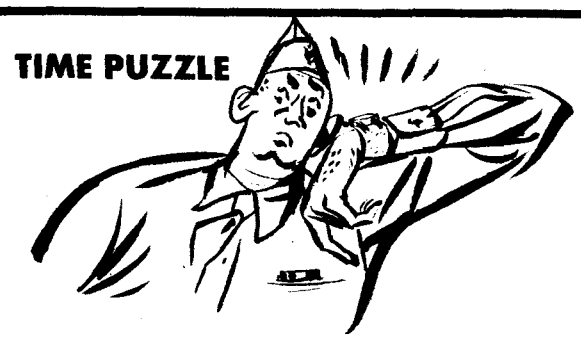
The staunch little boat with the celluloid sail,
Forlorn in the sand box with shovel and pail;
The red bike on the porch with its saddle askew
'Mid the trains and the planes and the picture books new;
Here the trowel and hoe in the plum tree's shade,
By the little boy's garden where lately he played—
Seems odd that son isn't waiting for me.
Ah, the double-barreled popgun is missing, I see.

As I turn to continue my search in the rear,
The faint jingle of juvenile laughter I hear;
Sharp from hedgerow and hill, from the trees and the brush,
Like ten bellwethers' bleatings assaulting the hush
Rants the vocalized din of machine-gun fire
Trilling out in falsetto democracy's ire,
And enveloping me in a two-pronged attack
The commandos advance with their strident ack-ack!

Like the Saxon confronted with Roderick's clan
I stand firm and resolved to go down like a man!
But these warriors are fair and and I haven't a gun,
They surround me with glee while the littlest one
Twines his arms round my neck as a conqueror's yoke;
Boy of mine, I am lost! What avails heart of oak?
Your objective is taken at cost of a smile,
Though the secret I'll keep: it was yours all the while.

Britain —Pvt. CHARLES A. WERNER Jr.

TIME PUZZLE



"IT's a good wristwatch," said the sergeant, "but it doesn't keep time. The way it's running, I find that the hour hand and the minute hand are exactly together every 65 minutes."

He soon figured out whether the watch was slow or fast and by how much per hour. Can you?

SORRY we only have a picture to show you, because Dorothy Malone looks as though she'd be a nice girl to meet in person. Imagine green-blue eyes and brown hair, and it might bring you closer. A Hollywood talent scout found Dorothy when she was acting in a college play. Her next picture will be Warner Bros.' "The Big Sleep".

[illegible]

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction," mutters the Sarge. "Truth is *stronger* than fiction," improvises the Smart Private. "No matter how good a liar a guy is, the truth will out. For instance, I'll bet you a couple of beers that if I ask you five questions, you won't be able to answer all of them *incorrectly*. To at least one of the five questions, you'll reply with the truth."

The Sarge ponders a while, looking for a catch. Finally he takes the bet and the questions start.

Q. How old are you?
A. 97.
Q. Do you beat your wife?
A. Geronimo.

The onlookers snicker and the SP begins to look doubtful. Maybe he regrets he made the bet. "You must be an experienced liar," he says. "Anyhow, try this."

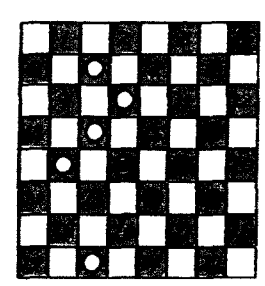
Q. What is a number between one and a trillion?
A. A skillion.

Now the SP looks really worried. He pauses, as if racking his brains. "You're too good," he stammers in growing confusion. "Maybe I shouldn't have started this." He pulls the change from his pockets and counts it. "Looks as if I lose. Let's see, how many more questions do I have to ask you?" Very innocentlike.

The Sarge bites like a fish. "Two more," he says. Which is the truth, of course, and he buys the beers.

If you're a good actor, you can probably collect the same way.

[illegible]



WHITE, as you can see, is in trouble. The Black king has pounded down on the fold, and White must give up one of its pieces. Nevertheless, White can move and draw. How would you go about it?

Take out your checkerboard and number the playing squares as shown in the diagram from 1 to 32. This helps you keep track of your moves. Then set up your checkers as shown here and play out the game. That's a Black king on square 18.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

TIME PUZZLE. Obviously the sergeant means 65 *actual* minutes, not 65 minutes by his watch. For on any watch—fast, slow or correct—the hands meet every 65 5/11 minutes of its *own* time. So the sergeant's watch gains 5/11 of a minute during each *actual* 65 minutes, or 60/143 of a minute during each *actual* hour.

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 6 to 2—the only move to draw. Black king jumps 18 to 9. . . . White goes 17 to 13—and now Black must give up the king and accept a draw. For if Black should move 9 to 5, then 13 to 9 would win for White. And, of course, if Black moves 9 to 14, then White wins by moving 30 to 25.

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PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

"And who's responsible for this dust?"
—Pvt. Arv Miller, Camp Robinson, Ark.

About Pfc. Mary Brown

THIS has not been much of a war for songs that rev up the heartbeat and slap at the heels and spur doughfeet, clerks and tankmen to leap out of foxholes marching exultantly to irresistible rhythm. We have simply had a few workmanlike ditties that dutifully convey the mood of some soldiers; and most of these seem to have been penned by a swart, ready ex-Hollywood tunesmith named Pfc. Frank Loesser, who has to his credit such confections as "In My Arms" and "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition."

Frank does good work, and if someone has to be called the Irving Berlin of this war it might as well be he as anyone else. I would like, however, to conduct a little community sing today on the subject of his latest assignment, a ballad whose metric title is "First Class Private Mary Brown."

The tune is quite agreeable, and the lines have less of a by-the-numbers sound than most odes ordered through channels. "First Class Private Mary Brown," it begins, "she wore that uniform like a million-dollar gown." Nothing to object to there. In fact, it makes rather a pretty picture, and I can just see hundreds of attractive Wacs slinking out on the Astor floor in starched, backless sun-tans, waltzing off in the arms of trim young latrine orderlies in impeccably pressed fatigues.

Nor do I wish to complain about the general theme, as climaxed by "Let the big guns roar, let me win this war, for I want to hurry right back to First Class Private Mary Brown, my wonderful Wac." A commendable ambition, though I'm sure that by the time Bill gets back to his Wac she will have married his snaggle-toothed old first sergeant right here on Staten Island, mainly for his impending retirement pay.

Skip with me now to my own special favorite among the phrases of this 32-bar biography and observe the smitten soldier, dazed by his vision of GI loveliness, as he makes the stunning discovery that the letters PFC stand for Perfect Feminine Charm. With great confidence I submit this (and I'll have you know I don't submit easily) as the ruggedest generalization to come out of the PX's, stencils and studios of World War II.

Perfect feminine charm! This is a molded and quite delicate phrase, immediately calling to mind such natural advantages of the terrain as Margaret Sullavan and Rita Hayworth, not to mention the Look (Bacall), the Legs (Darnell) and the Lung (Hutton).

Perfect feminine charm! I point to a pfc in my own unit whose name is Joe Ogden. There is indeed something charming about the way Joe's hair stands away from his head in a fanlike cowlick, but perfect feminine charm—well, hardly!

Turn your flashlight on the bunk next to mine, and you will see that the snores emanate from a young blood named Pasquale Ferrara, whom nature has given an isosceles triangle of a nose and whom his Army superiors have given a single-stripe insignia which denotes a base pay of $4 a month above the beginner's level. Ferrara, I mean to say, is a pfc, but nothing about him that I have noticed so much as hints at anything remotely akin to feminine charm—perfect, imperfect or past pluperfect.

Faces and figures come thronging in on me in a great montage—sweating faces and eating faces and shaving faces, honest brows and lantern jaws, hairy legs and flat feet and knees that knock hello. Soldiers all. My buddies. Privates first class, every splendid one of them. *AR 850-150*, in its admirable list of military abbreviations, authorizes each and every man of them to refer to himself as a pfc.

But if any one of these mugs possesses as much as one picayune iota, one minute molecular fly-flick of feminine charm—readers, I've been outrageously deceived!

Fort Wadsworth, N. Y. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON

"It looks like mahogany, but then again it may be oak."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm, Richmond AAB, Va.

Sgt. Al Melinger, Randolph Field, Tex.

"Everything I tell him to do, he says it's squaw's work."
—Pvt. Hank Mace, Overseas

MAKE MINE A MARTINI

A soldier's dreams (or so I hear)
Are of the simple things held dear,
What time he rests from toil and strife
And plans upon his post-war life:
A cottage first with lawn and trees,
A garden plot to spade and rake,
The songs of birds, the drone of bees,
A glimpse of woods and distant lake.

(But I'll take a duplex with a built-in bar
And bathrooms which number four or five.
When a yearning comes for gardens
I'll hop a cab for Marden's
And look back from the Hudson at the Drive.)

A sweetheart from his childhood days
To make the cottage into home;
The girl whose simple loving ways
Will still his last desire to roam.

(Well, make mine a gal who can shine like a star
At the Colony, the Stork, or 21;
A self-sufficient brat
In a Lily Dache hat
Who adores "Forever Amber" sort of fun.)

The luscious things she'll roast and bake
Bring glowing pictures to his eyes:
The summer corn, the chocolate cake,
The juicy huckleberry pies.

(But this guy craves some blue points or a bowl of caviar,
Some vichysoisse, a pheasant under glass,
A flaming crepe suzette,
And—"Garcon, don't forget!"—
Some Courvoisier afloat on demitasse.)

Camp Crowder, Mo. Pfc. RALPH H. CHAPMAN

Crime and Punishment

FOR 14 months I've been looking at this lousy stripe on my arm and wondering if maybe I lack the voice of command. We've got a former choirsinger for a first sergeant, and the CO used to jerk sodas in Cleveland. Sure, I'm hurting, but I was happy till last week.

This picture "Winged Victory" is what really browned me off. Remember that training film about the *Articles of War*? Jack Holt got down off his horse long enough to play the part of a colonel in it. He was explaining the 110 Commandments to an OCS class by the coach-and-pupil method. Well, in this TF they showed how a guy got out of bed one night, smacked a character in the mouth and took off for a life of sacrifice in the war plants.

Six months later a dame turns him in to an MP who happens to be lousing around the gin mill. They drag this sap back to Fort Ord, where they set up the cameras and start the court-martial. He gives an alibi but he won't swear to it. Well, we're all sorry when they sentenced him. That week no one in the company went AWOL.

So what? So last week I walk into Theater No. 5 to see "Winged Victory." Right in the middle of the picture, an Air Corps examining board is flashed on the screen. One of the gadgets is flunking the cap-smashing course because he hasn't the strength to bend a grommet.

And who do I see seated right in the middle, behind the big table? That's right! The guy who went AWOL from Fort Ord. He's a colonel, a full colonel! He's got an eagle on each shoulder and fruit salad all over his chest. Not bad for a cookie with a dishonorable discharge and a 10-year sentence at Leavenworth, eh?

I ask you: Is that the way to make corporal?

Camp Lee, Va. —Pfc. JOSEPH DALY

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SPORTS: *Joe Cronin Thinks the Rest of the American League Will Trail the Yankees and Detroit*

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

THE only way we could avoid the problem of predicting the American League pennant race this week was to turn it over to Joe Cronin, manager of the Boston Red Sox. Joe has lost 12 pounds where his pants meet his vest and is in better shape to handle a problem or a hot grounder than he has been in several years.

Being of Irish descent, and San Francisco Irish too, Joe didn't need to go into a trance to size up the American League. He called for a cup of tea, drank it and looked at the tea leaves left on the bottom and sides of the cup. All Irish athletes since Finn McCool and Brian Boru have used that method of picking winners except Dan O'Mahony, the heavyweight-wrestling champion of a few years back. Dan didn't drink tea. He had to consult with Paul Bowser, his wrestling promoter, any time he wanted to know who was going to win and who was going to lose.

"Pitching will decide the American League race," said Cronin after draining his cup. "The Yankees and Detroit have superior pitching staffs and they will probably fight it out for the pennant.

"Any club like the Tigers, which can boast of a pitching staff including Hal Newhouser, Dizzy Trout and Ruff Gentry, must be given a chance to win the pennant. And the Tigers have added Al Benton. He's just been discharged from the Navy.

"The Yanks have Tommy Bonham, Floyd Bevens and Walter Dubiel. If Joe Page ever develops control he'll be a winning pitcher. He won four straight when he first came to the Yankees last year, but then he was knocked out of the box five times in a row.

"The Browns figure in the fight. We're all interested in how Pete Gray, their one-armed outfielder, is going to make out. They tell me he's a good ballplayer.

"Cleveland will have to be classed as an unknown until it solves some of its problems. The Indians have a good young pitcher in Steve Gromak.

"The A's have a good pitching staff and a steady infield. Black, Christopher, Newsom and Flores must be rated good pitchers in these times. Dick Siebert, Hall, Bush and Kell will be starting their second year as a unit.

"Washington? It's hard to tell. Stanley Spence may have to go into the service, and that will make quite a difference. George Case had an arm operation this winter, and

Cronin trains with Red Sox at Pleasantville, N. J.

a [illegible] that won't help the club.

"Chicago? Who can tell much about Chicago? It's another club like Washington.

"All I can say about the Red Sox is that when Hughson, Doerr and Wagner went into the service last year we were only two games out of first place. We finished fourth. We might have finished higher if we had brought Ben Steiner up from Louisville to replace Bobby Doerr, but Louisville had a chance to get into the play-offs and we couldn't break up the club. It went into the Little World Series.

"Since last year we've lost Tabor and Partee. There isn't an experienced catcher on the club. Fred Walters, who is up from Louisville, is the only catcher we have. We're in the market for one, but then just about every other club is looking for a catcher.

"George Metkovitch will play first until he goes into the service. Ben Steiner will play second. Skeeter Newsome, who has a silver plate in his skull, will play shortstop until he is called up for service. Nick Polly and Jack Tobin are our third-basemen. Jack is a brother of Jim, the Braves pitcher, and he's just been discharged from the Navy. He went to training camp with Louisville in 1942 and stayed there until he went into the Navy.

"We've got Bob Johnson for left field. He had a good year last year. Pete Fox will play rightfield. The other outfielders on our squad this season are Leon Culberson, Lloyd Christopher, Tom McBride and Steve Barath.

"The pitchers are Joe Bowman, George Woods, Emmett O'Neil, Mike Ryba, Red Barrett, Joe Wood Jr., Jim Wilson and Oscar Judd. Eddie Lake and Jim Bucher are the extra infielders."

Cronin himself, starting his 11th year as Red Sox manager, has reported in good physical condition for a very urgent reason. Joe never lost his ability to hit. He took himself out of the infield when he began to expand around the middle and found himself tipping his cap to grounders which should have been sure outs. Johnny Pesky was available to play shortstop and there wasn't too much incentive for Joe to punish himself. But now Pesky's an ensign in the Navy, Skeeter Newsome may leave the Red Sox any day and Cronin may have to go back into the Red Sox infield. Minus the 12 pounds that used to interfere with his stooping, Joe's quite capable of playing wartime big-league baseball.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

MARINE **Lts. Patty Berg,** former women's golf champion, and **Helen Marlowe,** former tennis star, are among a group of athletes who have agreed to submit to exhaustive physical examinations to determine whether sports are harmful to contestants' hearts. . . . The **Thoroughbred Club of America** is gathering photographs of famous race horses to be sent to hospitalized veterans as equine pin-ups. . . . In the next group of sports leaders to go overseas to establish coaching clinics will be **John W. (Jack) Hulme,** Penn State athletic trainer; **Dr. J. H. Nichols,** director of athletics at Oberlin (Ohio) College; **Oscar M. (Ossie) Solem,** Syracuse (N. Y.) University football coach; **A. D. Dickinson,** Iowa State Teachers College trainer, and **Arthur R. Hutchins** of Lake Wales, Fla., and the Southern Football Officials Association. . . . **Bill Downs,** CBS war correspondent, reported from Germany that when an Artillery outfit moved up near the town of Elsdorf the GIs found they had to corral half a dozen horses before they could start shooting. "Then someone got an idea," said Downs. "A bulldozer was commandeered, and it cut a circle of turf around the field. Some of the artillerymen volunteered as jockeys and a horse race was staged right there in the middle of the Cologne Plain. The betting was heavy, and a roan plow horse named Marjorie won all heats."

Inducted: **Willie Pep,** world's featherweight champion who was discharged from the Navy in February 1944, into the Army at Fort Devens, Mass. . . . *Hospitalized:* **Cpl. Jimmy Lawrence,** former Chicago Cardinals, Green Bay Packers and Brooklyn Dodgers back, in Arkansas after receiving the Purple Heart for being wounded during combat service in New Guinea. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Bill Dickey,** former New York Yankees catcher, back to the United States after managing the Navy baseball team during its exhibition tour of the Pacific islands. . . . *Wounded:* **Lt. George Poschner,** star end for the Georgia Rose Bowl team in 1943, necessitating the amputation of both legs. . . . *Killed:* **Sgt. Torger Tokle,** internationally famous skier, in Italy where he was serving with the 86th Regiment of the 10th Mountain Division; **James Reid,** former All-Star American League soccer player, in Germany.

MAN MOUNTAIN DEAN. The ex-wrestler, now minus his famous whiskers and enlisted in the Army as M. Sgt. Frank Leavitt, shows some of his old tricks to physical instructors at Fort Lewis, Wash.

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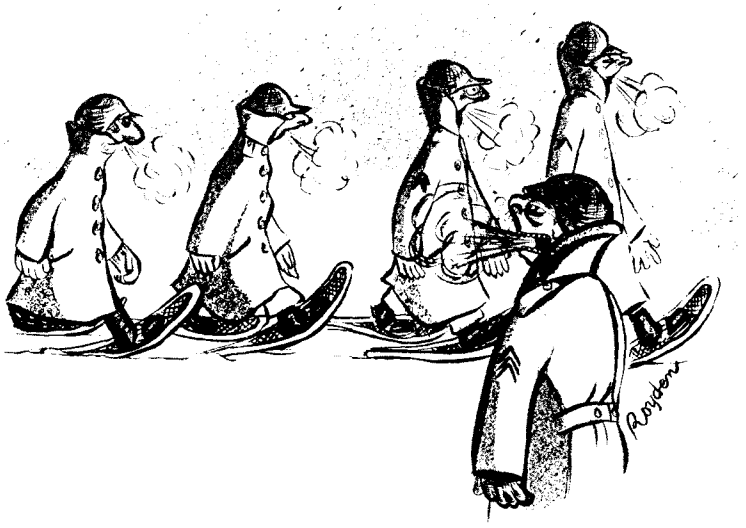
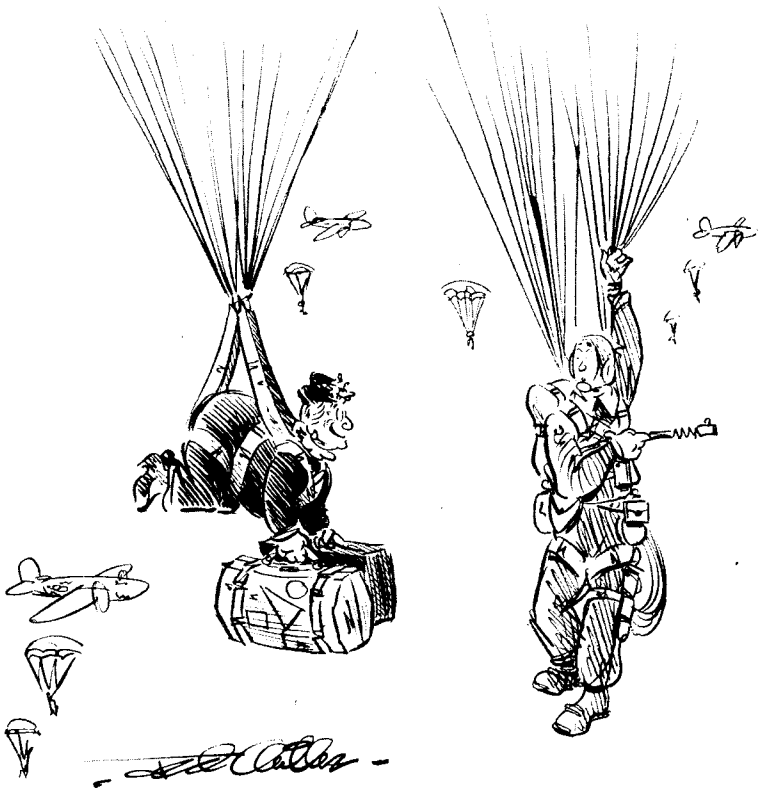


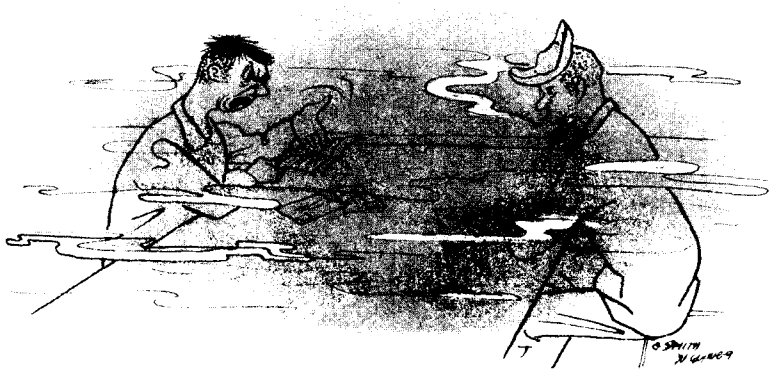
"TO THE REAR—HARCH! TO THE REAR—HARCH!"
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson



"IF YOU SEE THE OLD MAN YOU MIGHT MENTION TO HIM THAT THE OLD LADY IS HERE TOO!"
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"WE WILL NOW PLAY 'GOOD NIGHT WHEREVER YOU ARE.' "
Pfc. Jack Vesel



" 'I WAS PUTTY IN YOUR HANDS,' SHE SAYS. SHE TELLS ME THAT NOW!"
—Pvt. G. Smith

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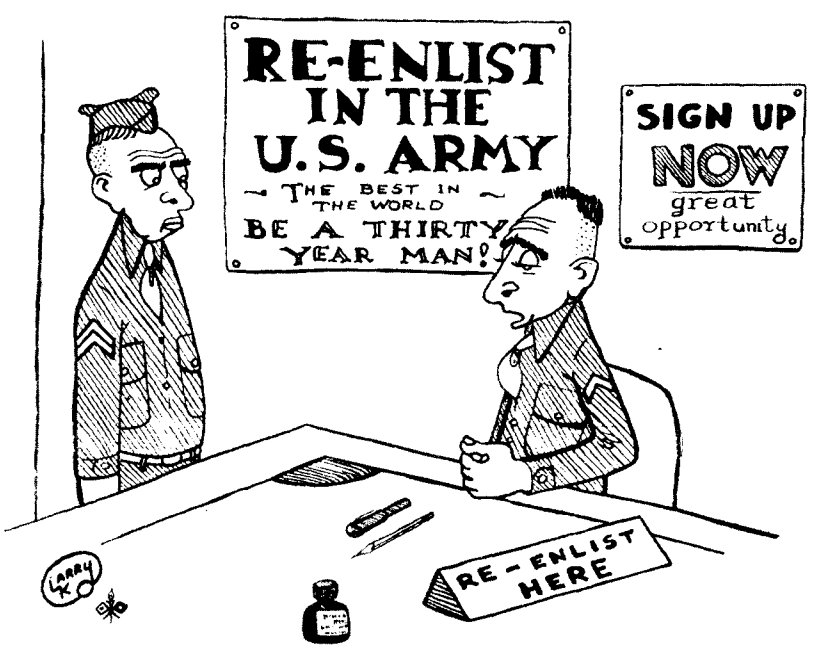

"I LIVE IN CONSTANT FEAR OF SIGNING MY NAME TO THE WRONG PIECE OF PAPER."
—Pvt. Larry Katzman

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